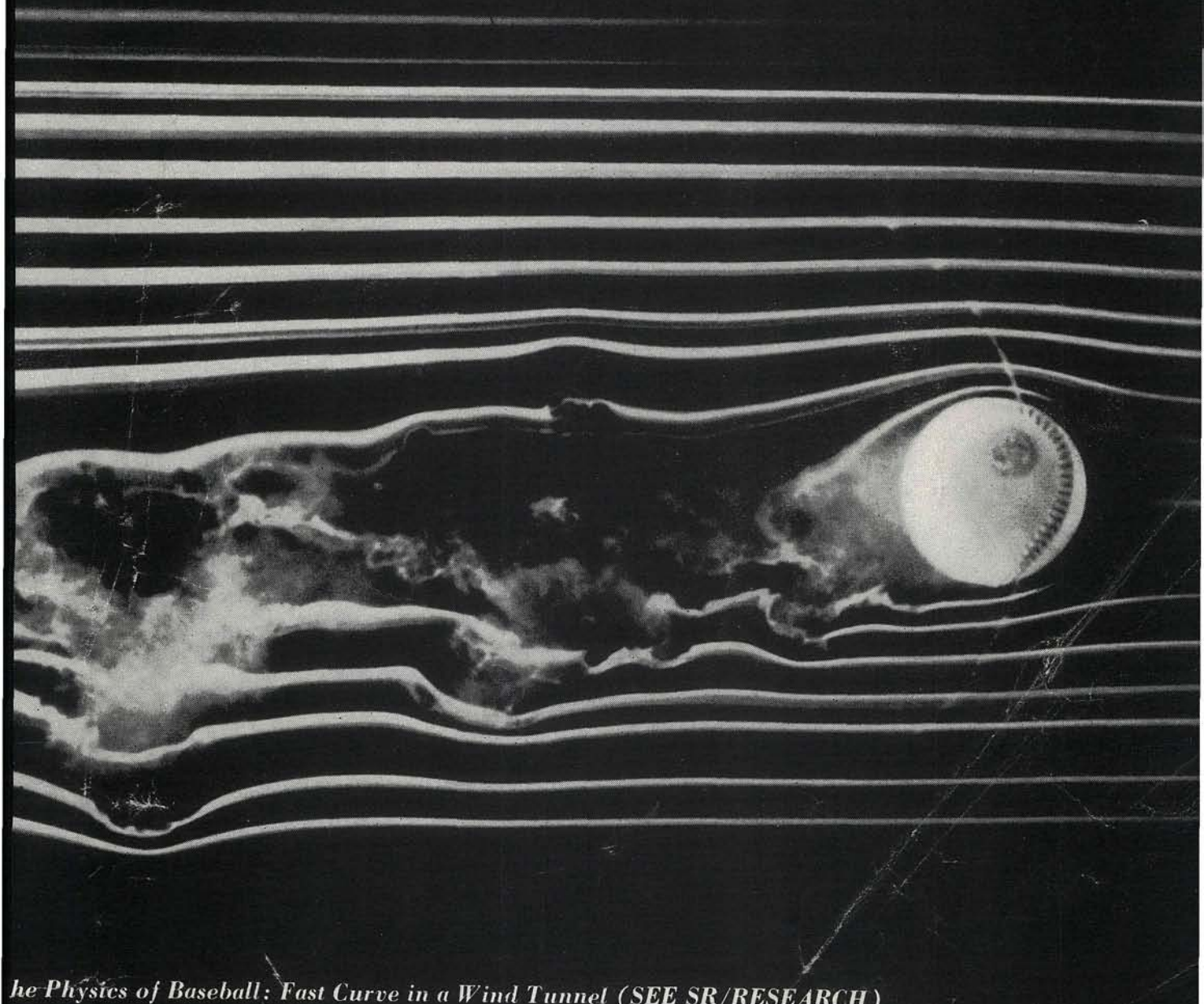
Saturday Review

APRIL 5, 1958 / 25¢



he Physics of Baseball: Fast Curve in a Wind Tunnel (SEE SR/RESEARCH)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE GROWING PAINS OF SCIENCE

By H. Jack Geiger

WHY MY NEW

By Thomas

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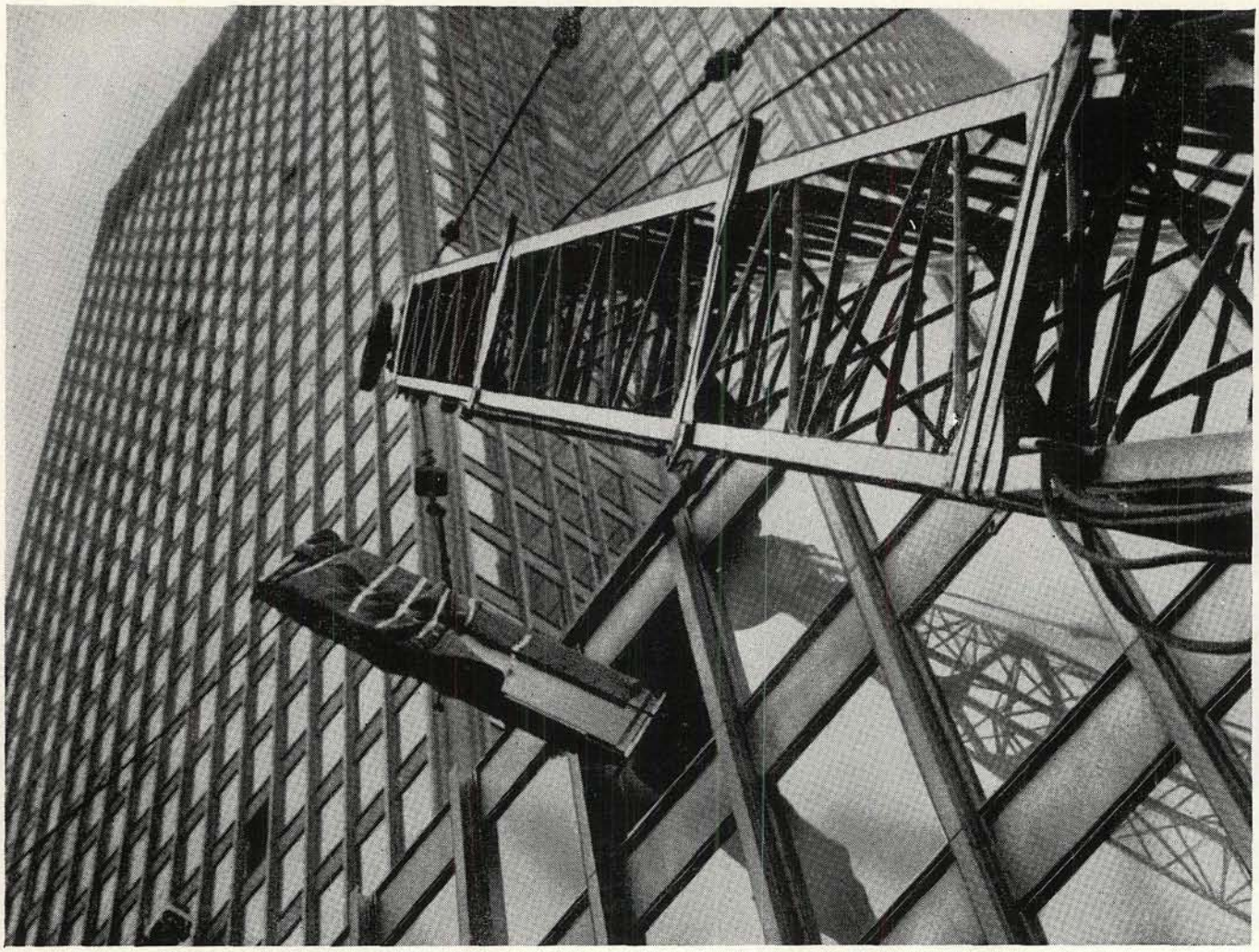

38-story bronze skyscraper at 375 Park Avenue designed by Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson. Associate architects: Kahn & Jacobs. General contractor: George A. Fuller Company. Architectural metals fabricator: General Bronze Corp.

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There's a striking new face adorning Manhattan's skyline these days. It's the world's first bronze building. Radiating warmth and color, the 38-story office building at 375 Park Avenue brings forth intriguing new concepts in building design. Massive masonry walls have given way to lightweight "curtains" of glass and architectural bronze.

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Let the Founding Fathers tell you in their Own Words of their Religious Beliefs and Personal Philosophies which molded American Freedom and Independence

"In God

"Norman Cousins has written a heartening and much needed book on the American spirit and tradition. For those who may be doubting whether that spirit and tradition are equal to the challenges they now face, Mr. Cousins provides some indispensable answers." JOHN FISCHER, Editor, Harper's Magazine

Ever since our nation began there has been contr versy over the religious beliefs of the men wl founded it. Men who have been called devout Chri tians by some have been labeled atheists by othe and the true nature of their strongly felt religio beliefs has been obscured or distorted. Recognizi this, and realizing how strongly Americans tod want to know the truth, Norman Cousins, in th vital book, brings to the reader not opinions, but t revealing words and thoughts of the Foundi Fathers themselves.

Never before has the living core of convicti that motivated the fathers of our country been

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND COMMENTARY BY

NORMAN

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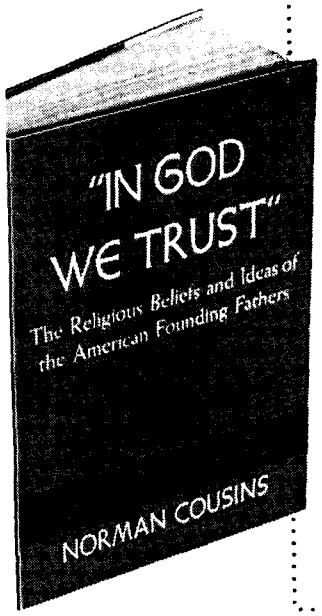
What the *Saturday Review* reader will find in "IN GOD WE TRUST"



Benjamin Franklin in his many-sided, homespun charm, as revealed in his uninhibited diary

George Washington in his stately public prose and humane directives

John Adams in his keen, acidulous comment and frank autobiography

Thomas Jefferson in his classic views of liberty and private version of the New Testament

Jefferson and Adams sharpening each other's minds and wits in a notable and long-lasting correspondence

James Madison relating the new Constitution to the precepts of historic religion

Alexander Hamilton penning his devotion to human rights from adolescence to untimely death

John Jay and how he both used and transcended aristocracy in the Revolutionary cause

Samuel Adams who stood higher on a soapbox and used it to greater advantage than any American revolutionary

Thomas Paine and his fight against atheism and autocracy

We Trust"

imately explored and dramatically set forth. "IN D WE TRUST" reveals the deeply held personal edo of the Founding Fathers and the practical will at translated thought and belief into concrete ality.

Mr. Cousins, editor of *The Saturday Review*, amined literally thousands of letters, personal aries, official pronouncements, etc. to recover this spiring heritage. Here are articles of personal be-f, quests for faith, and explorations into that vital d meaningful area where philosophy and religion et.

Today, as never before, Americans need to understand the character, the vision, and the deep beliefs of the men who founded our nation and established the principles under which we live. "IN GOD WE TRUST" gives you this understanding. As you read it you will be inspired, richly rewarded — and frequently surprised. In the years ahead you will find yourself returning often to its pages. It is a book which deserves an honored place in the home library of every American family. Be sure to get a copy now for yours.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

COUSINS

Editor of *The Saturday Review*

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Just published

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An exhilarating journey into the universe of mathematics via great and fantastic stories, diversions and oddments, selected for the delight of the non-mathematical reader, by

CLIFTON FADIMAN

IT doesn't matter if your long division is shaky. Open this book and you'll have a wonderful time wandering in the fourth dimension, bending space, travelling faster than light — in short, flying higher than you dreamed possible.

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- PLATO proves that you were born knowing the Pythagorean theorem. All you have to do is remember it.
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- ARTHUR C. CLARKE suggests how, in a war of the universe, the *inferior* science might win.
- And there are 12 other stories of mathematical adventure, together with 33 piquant bits of mathematical wit and logical nonsense from Sir Arthur Eddington, Lewis Carroll, Andrew Marvell, Christopher Morley, George Gamow, Vachel Lindsay, Arthur Schnitzler, and others.

The purpose of these stories and oddments is to entertain. If some of them stretch the mind a little and make it tingle, all the better. "I hope," says Clifton Fadiman in his introduction, "that readers of *Fantasia Mathematica* will derive from it some sense of the wonder, the oddity, and even the humor of the most magnificent, as well as the most basic, of all the strange sciences man has invented, discovered, or — if you are to believe Plato — remembered."

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 5, 1958

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

LAST month two Washingtonians journeyed up to New York and caused consternation by two speeches which, for one reason or another, went widely unreported. One of the speakers was one of our favorite correspondents, domestic or foreign, Miss Marguerite Higgins, and her speech was delivered to the Harvard Club.

Miss Higgins said simply that she had gone to the Procter and Gamble people and asked them how they would like to have Charles E. Wilson for their boss. Never, they told her; his business was automobiles, he didn't know anything about soap. Next she went over to the General Motors people and asked them how they would like to have Neil H. McElroy. Not on your life, they told her; he was a soap man, he didn't know the first thing about automobiles.

Well, Miss Higgins concluded, these men have been, in order, the two men entrusted with a job that just possibly might be considered more complicated than either soap or automobiles —the running of the U.S. Defense Department.

• • The second speaker was Mr. Randall Jarrell, consultant in poetry at the Library of Congress and the author of four books of poetry as well as the novel "Pictures from an Institution." Mr. Jarrell's speech was delivered not only to the entire book business but also to a sizable segment of the newspaper, magazine, and TV fraternity at the National Book Awards at the Hotel Commodore.

A bearded man, with a John Brown look and a Johnny One-Note voice, Mr. Jarrell was soberly dressed except for one item—bright red plaid socks. Nonetheless, his introduction was conservative.

"Publishers have to eat," he said, "if possible at the Colony; writers want to live, if possible by writing. . . . All this is an old struggle—*the* old struggle—between God and Mammon, right and expediency, the Superego and the Id."

Then Mr. Jarrell cut loose his first gun. "If it is Mr. Cerf's Id," he said, "that publishes 'Don't Go Near the Water,' it is his Superego that publishes Mr. Warren's poems."

Mr. Cerf was the first to squirm, but he was by no means the last. "In an ideally good society," continued Mr. Jarrell, " 'Swann's Way' would make Proust and his publisher 20 or 30 million dollars, and Elvis Presley would be the favorite of a few eleven-year-olds. In an ideally bad society 'Swann's Way' would not be published at all, and Proust would have written Presley's autobiography for the *Saturday Evening Post*."

By now it was apparent the issue was joined—"Pop Cult"—and no holds barred. "In the past," Mr. Jarrell proceeded, "there was high culture: Sophocles, Donatello, Bach, Vermeer, Goethe, and all the rest. It not only grew, but also was cultivated. But in the past there was no popular culture: no Jerry Lewis, no Mickey Spillane, no Liberace, no Norman Vincent Peale, no rock 'n roll, no soap operas, no quiz programs, no mass production of a standardized product, by professional salesmen, for a mass audience."

For his broadside Mr. Jarrell reserved several pages of quotations from a book entitled "The Fabric of Society" (Harcourt Brace) by Ralph Ross and Ernest van den Haag. The chapter from which he quoted, however (from which these excerpts are excerpted), was written entirely by Mr. van den Haag:

> Why is Brooklyn, so much richer and bigger, so much more literate and educated . . . so much less productive culturally than was Florence? . . . By cheapening his product or making it easier, Dante could not have gained success and prestige as today's artist might. Had he renamed the "Divine Comedy" "Florence Confidential," the number of copies sold would not have risen much. . . . There was no mass market for anything, good or bad. . . . Dante was not tempted to write for *Sports Illustrated*, to condense his work for *Reader's Digest*, or to adapt it for the movies. He had no chance to write television scripts or commercial jingles, *Saturday Evening Post* stories or newspaper columns. . . . Today the alternatives and temptations are very real. . . . Our society may not treat the creator of great works of art much worse than he was treated in the past. But we treat the creator of popular art so much better that the inducement becomes almost irresistible. . . . There are some who doggedly insist on being themselves—but the temptations are infinite, and infinitely disguised, and insinuating. The psychological burden of isolation is crushing. Finally, isolation too has drawbacks affecting creation. The ability and the will to communicate are impaired if there is no public: and the defense against the temptations of popular culture uses much of the energy needed for creating. The artist who, by refusing to work for the mass market, becomes marginal, cannot create what he might have created had there been no mass market. One may prefer a monologue to addressing a mass meeting. But it is still not a conversation.

By the end of his talk Mr. Jarrell was lumping "South Pacific" with "Peyton Place," and "What's My Line?" (poor Mr. Cerf had a hard afternoon) with Liberace:

> Some of us are for Herman Wouk and Lawrence Welk and Norman Vincent Peale, and some of us are against them. All right: if you're for them *be* for them; if you'd rather read Wouk than Frost, say so, do so. But you can't rather read both: you can be for God or you can be for Mammon, but you can't be for God *and* Mammon both at the same time. . . . You can bore some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't bore all of the people all of the time. In the end everybody turns off the television set; and goes out and looks up at the stars, in perfect silence, or starts an FM station to play Bartok, or prints Rilke in a paper-bound book, or plays with his cat, or throws kisses to his wife, or does something ill-adjusted, individual, and personally satisfying. "No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures," said Dr. Johnson; if only it were still so! Better to be a Peeping Tom, and enjoy it, than to sit with your minister in front of the "64,000 Dollar Question" till your eyes glaze, and the mortician comes for you, and the long day at last is done.

• • Long after the talk was over we noted not only book publishers but also other members of the press and TV fraternity gathered in angry little knots. And, several days later, lecturing in Cincinnati, we cornered Mr. Jarrell himself and asked him how he thought it had gone over. Mr. Jarrell didn't think it had. "There was a heavy weight," he said, "of not going along with it." He told us he had never read Mr. van den Haag, now of New York University and the New School, until ten days before his lecture and had never met him in person until the day of the lecture. They had, however, gone to dinner together. And where on earth, we wanted to know, for heaven's sake, had they gone?

"We went," said Mr. Jarrell firmly, "to Toots Shor's."

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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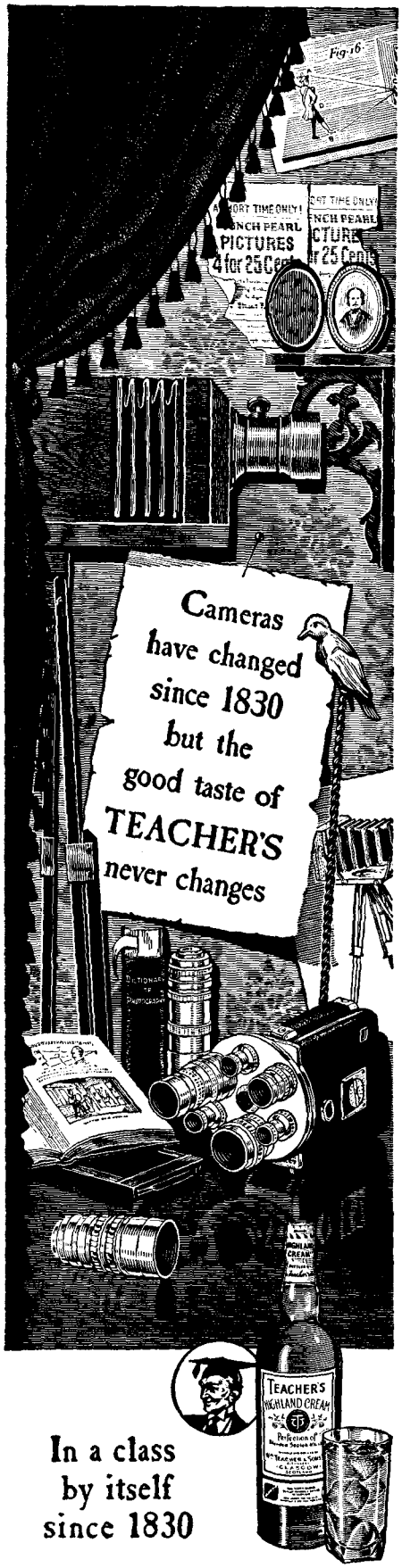

Cameras have changed since 1830 but the good taste of TEACHER'S never changes
In a class by itself since 1830
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Scotch Whisky
86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky
Schieffelin & Co., New York

TRADE Winds

SEEING AS HOW this is the Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Year, it seems worth mentioning that this prolific writer will himself have become the subject of many books and articles before the year is out. There are already an excellent ninety-six-page comic book, "The Rough Rider" (Classics Illustrated), and "The TR

Treasury" (Putnam), an anthology of TR's writing edited by Hermann Hagedorn, director of the Centennial Commission. Soon to appear are, among others. "Theodore Roosevelt, The Formative Years," by Carleton Putnam (Scribner's), "The Centennial Portrait," by Edward Wagenknecht (Longmans Green), and "Theodore Roosevelt," by William D. Harbargh (Farrar Straus).

BECAUSE MOST of *my* formative years were served under another Roosevelt, it has been interesting to learn about his distant cousin, who was President at the age of forty-four (that seems younger to me now than it used to). As a writer, TR was described recently by *The New York Times* as "not only prolific, he was professional. He wrote history; he wrote biography; he wrote diaries, monographs, nature studies, and political exhortations . . . he was obviously a writing-minded man, an artist in language, and a dedicated word-spinner."

Correct. He really did spin words and phrases, many that are alive today and a part of our language. Did you know that TR either coined or gave currency to these Americanisms: *weasel words, pussyfooter, lunatic fringe, muckraker, square deal, nature faker,* and *malefactors of great wealth*? Once he declared:

"A typical vice of American politics is the avoidance of saying anything real on real issues, and the announcement of radical policies with much sound and fury, and at the same time with a cautious accompaniment of weasel phrases each of which sucks the meat out of the preceding statement."

Theodore Roosevelt once came out very strongly in favor of the split infinitive, too.

NEW ANGLE IN DEGREES

By Harriet R. Stolorow

(" . . . *if only the Russians had shot a writer into the sky. . . .*"
—TRADE WINDS.)

De-emphasize Humanities,
Divert the college courses;
Give us Nike instead of psych.
To meet the hostile forces.

Languages and literature
Let science supersede
With stratagems, ICBMs . . .
And nobody who can read.

THE FACT THAT Teddy Roosevelt's last words were, "Please put out that light, James," led my friend Peter Leavitt into a never-ending search for what famous people said, or are said to have said, as they breathed their last. Here are some excerpts from his entertaining report:

► Grantland Rice said, "Willie at least has a golden start."

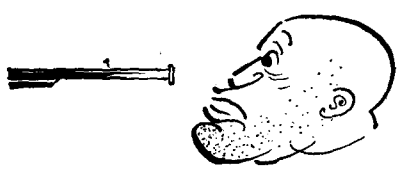
► John Stewart Mill, when told that he was dying, replied, "My work is done."

► Arnold Rothstein: "I won't tell, and please don't ask me any more questions."

► Al Jolson: "This is it. I'm going. I'm going."

► Thomas Jefferson asked, "Is it the Fourth?" He did not wait for an answer.

► That same day John Adams died,



having said, "But Jefferson survives."

► General Ethan Allen lived up to his reputation of an old soldier. His physician leaned over him and said, "General Allen, I fear the angels are waiting for you." Aroused, Allen replied, "Waiting, are they? Waiting, are they? Well, goddam 'em, let 'em wait!"

► La Petacci: "Mussolini must not die."

► Mussolini (*looking into the muzzle*): "But, Colonel—sir!"

► Lawrence Oates, a member of the

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ill-fated British expedition to the South Pole, led by Scott, was dying of frostbite and exposure and it was necessary for his companions to carry him. They were encamped for the night, a blizzard raging outside the tent. Captain Oates struggled to his feet and said, "I'm just going outside. I may be some time." They never saw him again.

► Vespasian: "An emperor should die standing."

► Streicher: "Heil Hitler!"

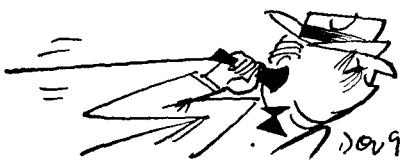
► Narvaez, a Spanish conquistador: "I do not have to forgive my enemies for I have killed them all."

► Samuel F. B. Morse was dying of pneumonia. A physician tapped his chest, saying, "This is the way we doctors telegraph." The great inventor replied, "Very good," and expired.

► George Meredith's last utterance is not recorded, but it is interesting to note that this delicate, sensitive novelist and poet died at dawn after drinking a bottle of beer and smoking a cigar.

► *Lord Houghton, a great gourmet,* said, "My exit is the result of too many entrees."

SAM RAGAN INFORMS us that an inebriated gentleman was downtown and realized he was in no condition to



find his way home by himself. He staggered into one of the phone booths on the street and called his wife to come get him. He couldn't tell her where he was, however, and on his wife's instructions he left the booth to get his bearings. When he returned to the telephone he was heard to exclaim:

"I'm at the corner of Walk and Don't Walk."

FIVE-INCH SHELF: What could be more fun than a book with this opening line: "Like most irritable people I rarely lose my temper. . . ." Who else but Peter De Vries would start a novel that way? Now that he has added "The Mackerel Plaza" to his others, "The Tunnel of Love" and "Comfort Me with Apples," his loyal fans (of which I am one) can continue the argument over which one is *funnier* than the other. I don't think one can argue that any of them is *not* funny.

There may be some discussion over who is the inspiration for Andrew Mackerel, the wise-cracking clergy-

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

The makers of Marlboro Cigarettes have bought this space so I can bring a message of importance from time to time. I will try to explore the issues that grip the keen young mind of America—burning questions like "Should housemothers be forced to retire at 28?" and "Should pajamas and robes be allowed at first-hour classes?" and "Should proctors be armed?" and "Should picnicking be permitted in the stacks?" and "Should teachers above the rank of associate professor be empowered to perform marriages?" and "Should capital punishment for pledges be abolished?"

Before beginning the current series of columns, I made an exhaustive study of Marlboro advertising. This took almost four minutes. The Marlboro people don't waste words. They give it to you fast: "You get a lot to like in a Marlboro . . . Filter . . . Flavor . . . Flip-top Box."

Well, sir, at first this approach seemed to me a little terse, a bit naked. Perhaps, thought I, I should drape it with a veil of violet prose, adorn it with a mantle of fluffy adjectives, dangle some participles from the ears . . . But then I thought, what for? Doesn't that tell the whole Marlboro story? . . . Filter . . . Flavor . . . Flip-top Box.

Marlboro tastes great. The filter works. So does the box. What else do you need to know?

So, with the Marlboro story quickly told, let us turn immediately to the chief problem of undergraduate life—the money problem. This has always been a vexing dilemma, even in my own college days. I recall, for example, a classmate named Oliver Hazard Sigafoos, a great strapping fellow standing 14 hands high, who fell in love with a beautiful Theta named Nikki Spillane, with hair like beaten gold and eyeballs like two tablespoons of forgetfulness.

Every night Oliver Hazard would take Nikki out to dine and dance, and then to dine again, for dancing made Nikki ravenous. Then they would go riding in the swan boats, and then Nikki, her appetite sharpened by the sea air, would have 8 or 10 cutlets, and then Oliver Hazard would take her home, stopping on the way to buy her a pail of oysters or two.

To raise money for these enchanted evenings, Oliver Hazard took on a number of part-time jobs. Between classes he cut hair. After school he gutted perches. From dusk to midnight he vulcanized medicine balls. From midnight to dawn he trapped night crawlers.

This crowded schedule took, alas, a heavy toll from Oliver Hazard. In the space of a month he dwindled from 260 to 104 pounds—but that, curiously enough, proved his salvation.

Today Oliver Hazard is a jockey, earning a handsome living which, combined with what he makes as a lymph donor after hours, is quite sufficient to curb Nikki's girlish appetite. Today they are married and live in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, with their two daughters, Filter and Flavor, and their son, Flip-top Box.

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Here's a sentence that's easy to parse: Subject—you. Verb—get. Object—a lot to like in a Marlboro, the cigarette with the long white ash, whose makers bring you this column.

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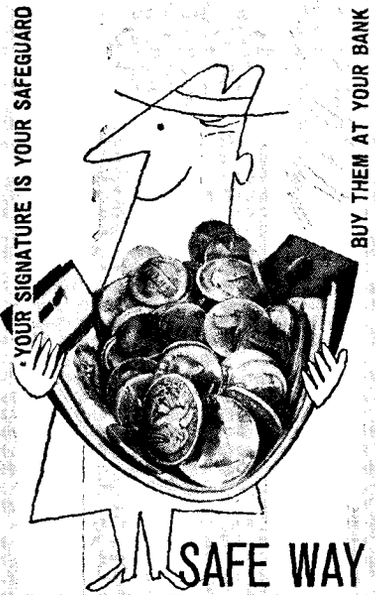
GOOD AS CASH ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

YOUR SIGNATURE IS YOUR SAFEGUARD

BUY THEM AT YOUR BANK



SAFE WAY TO CARRY MONEY

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man of the People's Liberal Church. De Vries tells me that it is *him!* He studied for the ministry, but somewhere along the line he discovered (as Mackerel finds in the book) "that there is no jack in the pulpit," and he turned to writing his jokes instead of basing sermons on them, as does Reverend Mackerel.

When De Vries was writing "The Mackerel Plaza" he considered one of the neatest touches to be that the People's Liberals had built themselves a split-level church. The very day he delivered his manuscript he picked up a paper and read that a congregation in Connecticut had, indeed, designed and were constructing a split-level church.

I HAVE AT LAST gotten around to repeating what A. S. Flaumenhaft heard last summer during intermission at the performance of "Othello" at Stratford. A gentleman was telling a tale of how he once came away from a production of that play early, stirred beyond words.

The reason centered in the scene where bad Iago arouses naive Roderigo to waylay good Cassio. As the Bard wrote the script, Roderigo muddles and misses, and Cassio stabs him. Then Iago steals up behind Cassio and slashes the good fellow's leg.

Well, a kindly chap in the audience was so incensed when he saw Iago slip in behind Cassio to deliver the fell stroke that he shouted, "Look out, Cassio!" The intended victim was so startled that he actually wheeled about. There was the miscreant Iago, sword bared, about to do his dirty work. In the circumstances, the good lieutenant could do only one thing. And he did it, playing the new version to the hilt—he stabbed Iago.

Naturally, the curtain fell promptly on this scene, and everyone went home early, electrified that the villain had been foiled, and filled with wonder that Shakespeare had not thought of that denouement himself.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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(From *Harper's*, November 1957)

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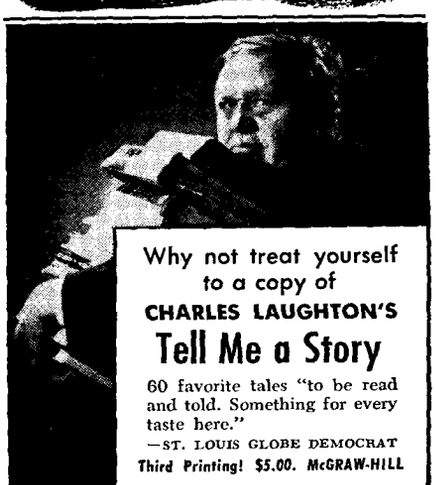

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 5, 1958

WHY MY NEWSPAPER LIED

Without journalists a Republic would be as helpless as a hospital without surgeons. And the good journalist takes the accuracy and honor of his work as seriously as the good surgeon does his. Yet since the end of World War II the journalist has practised his craft with increasing difficulty. Bureaucracy, operating behind thick, self-protective hedges, has grown to stupefying dimensions; perhaps the most important functions of the government operate behind a second, even thicker hedge of "security classification." How all this strikes one American newspaper editor is the subject of the article here by Thomas Braden, currently publisher of the Oceanside (California) Daily Blade-Tribune, *a writer, formerly a teacher at Dartmouth College, N. H.*

By THOMAS BRADEN

LAST month I learned that the newspaper I publish had again unwittingly lied to its readers. It had reported as fact what the Atomic Energy Commission said was fact—that underground explosions could be kept secret. It had implied what the AEC apparently intended newspapers to imply—that, since nuclear tests could be kept secret, hope for disarmament agreements through mutual detection was ended.

A year ago I would have been surprised to find out what a Congressional committee had just enabled the world to find out—that what the AEC said was simply not true. But I lost my innocence last fall, when I left the small daily which I publish in Oceanside and came to Washington for three months. I wanted to find out whether we were doing a good job of informing our people about what was happening. I learned that my newspaper was reporting the news but the news was false.

Shortly after I arrived in Washington, I learned that the Soviet had successfully fired an intercontinental ballistic missile. Then, three days later, I took the manila wrapper off my own newspaper and I saw the news down at the bottom of the page.

It occupied a space usually reserved for amusing features about lost parakeets or cats stranded high in palm trees. The headline read, "Soviet Rocket Boast Pooh-Poohed." The total impression to be gained from the story I knew to be a lie. I had worked in government. During my visit to Washington, I had looked up old friends in government. I had talked to them about the subject that was most on their minds—the missile race with Russia. Whatever was being said for publication purposes, they had no doubts about the fact that Russia *had* the ICBM. It was no boast.

It didn't help much to learn that across the country most other publishers had passed on the same lie to their readers. And, since I was in Washington where the news about missiles was coming from, I was determined to find out why my newspaper did not accurately represent the facts.

I got part of my answer a short time later, when I attended a Washington dinner party. Seated across the room from me was a very high-ranking army general. We were talking about the metal nose-cone which had been displayed over television during a talk by the President. The nose-cone had re-entered the atmosphere without burning up. The general was obviously proud of that nose-cone. I asked a simple and perhaps a naive question: "How fast did the thing come down?"

HIS expression changed to one of chilly severity. "The answer to that question," he replied, in tones of rebuke, "is highly classified."

I couldn't understand why the question had so obviously annoyed the general, and I took the problem to

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Stewart Alsop, a Washington newspaperman who with his brother has written more about missiles than any other columnist. Alsop explained at once. The nose-cone had re-entered the atmosphere, he said, at a speed lower than that required for an operational long-range missile. So the "re-entry" problem, which we had been led to believe had been solved, was really not solved at all.

The President, Alsop explained, had been given some facts by the Defense Department before he made his speech. These facts were in themselves accurate enough. But the net impression to be gained from the facts was not correct. For example, we have heard a great deal about the Snark as one of our valuable assets in the world balance of power. It is reported to have a range of 5,000 miles. This is true, as Alsop pointed out. But it doesn't travel very fast. In fact, as I found out for myself by the simple process of telephoning the Press Department of the Air Force, the Snark travels at below the speed of sound. It would be a sitting duck for the Soviet air defenses.

For another example, we have been led to believe that the B-52 jet bomber is "standard in our Strategic Air Command." But the fact, as I verified for myself in the same manner, was that only four—less than a tenth—of the Strategic Air Command's forty-five wings are fully equipped with the B-52.

In listening to Alsop's explanation, I realized that I had the answer to my question. Few Government officials will consciously and deliberately lie, either to newspapermen or to the public. But a tailored version of the truth—a part of the truth—can in the net impression it conveys be a lie. Thus, my newspaper had given a tailored version of the truth to its readers because the Government had given a tailored version of the truth to a reporter. My readers, and other readers of other newspapers across the country, had been deprived of their right to know.

The answer to my question was more disturbing than ever. It merely raised more questions. Why did the Government tailor the truth? And what could newspapers, radio, and

DR. TELLER AND THE FUTURE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the most important annual public lectures in America is the Gideon Seymour Memorial Lecture, at the University of Minnesota. This year's lecture was given recently by Dr. Harrison Brown, geochemist of the California Institute of Technology and* SR *editor-at-large. The following excerpts are drawn from that talk. The complete text is being made available by the University of Minnesota Press.*

By HARRISON BROWN

I SHOULD like to make my position with respect to the Soviet Union clear. I dislike her form of government as intensely as I dislike any totalitarian regime. I believe that she would, if given the opportunity, dominate the world. Her recent behavior in Hungary was despicable. I do not believe that she would keep agreements unless it were to her advantage to do so. I also believe that science and technology have placed in the hands of the Soviet leaders weapons of both persuasion and coercion of such power that the prospects for a dramatic change in the nature of Soviet leadership are remote.

• • •

But I do not believe that the Soviet leaders are stupid, nor that they are necessarily blinded by preconceived goals to the extent that they would attempt to achieve those goals by means which would seriously jeopardize their own security. And here I believe that we should keep in mind that security in the eyes of the Soviet leaders has two aspects—the first is the security of the nation; the second is the security of the regime.

• • •

There are many sincere proponents of the view that massive preparations for massive retaliation and for limited war represent the only realistic path towards security at the present time. Outstanding among these proponents is a group of men, symbolized in the public mind by Dr. Edward Teller, and who exert enormous influence upon our policies in this area. Indeed, the combination of Dr. Teller's position, his prestige, his knowledge, and the iron wall of secrecy which enables him to make statements which cannot easily be checked or refuted by critics outside and often inside the government gives this group a degree of influence in the area of policy formation which rivals that of any group of persons in our country in modern times.

• • •

In a recent article in *Foreign Affairs* and still more recently in an article in *Life* magazine Dr. Teller explains his views concerning disarmament. He states that "Since a political solution of the global problem is nowhere in sight, it has been proposed to make the world more peaceful by eliminating the means rather than the causes of war." He then goes on to say that "There are at present two major reasons why such schemes are doomed to failure. One is the existence of the Iron Curtain. The other is the nature of modern scientific discoveries." He states that it is obvious that the Second World War was brought about by a race in disarmament, and although he notes in passing that historical analogies are not reliable, it is amply clear that he is convinced that any agreement on our part aimed at achieving some degree of arms limitation would be suicidal.

• • •

Concerning the Iron Curtain, it seems clear to me that Dr. Teller is motivated by a deep-rooted hatred of the Soviet Union which borders upon the fanatic. From this hatred there stems the belief that *no* agreement with the Soviet Union can be trusted and that in our modern technological age *no* inspection system can be relied upon. "In the contest between the bootlegger and the police," he says, "the bootlegger has a great advantage."

• • •

The combination of his fear of the Soviet Union and associated with it his fear that the United States might engage in disarmament agreements have led Dr. Teller to make some statements which are designed to convince but not necessarily to clarify. Concerning control of H-bomb tests he says, "Actually a nuclear test is easily noticed only if it is performed in the most obvious manner. There can be no doubt that if a nation wants

"*. . . in the face of the powerful modern tools of persuasion and coercion I fear that what dignity and freedom we still possess may one day vanish.*"—HARRISON BROWN.

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television do to give the people the whole truth? I didn't know the answers. I wanted very much to know.

For surely the problem is important. We are in a life-and-death race with the Russians. Lacking accurate information about the realities of the race, we may not even know that we are losing it. We may go on believing that the important debates are about the state of the economy or the expense of foreign alliances until we are confronted with a pistol at our heads. In the moment that is left, there will be no time for debate. The decision, if any remains, will be a very simple one—to surrender or die. James Madison summed it succinctly: "A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, perhaps, both."

". . . Government officials are granting no favors when they show the facts: they are doing what they are put there to do."

—THOMAS BRADEN.

And yet the problem is very different from the usual problems involving freedom of the press on which Madison is so often quoted. In the past American newspapermen have argued against the unwillingness of Government officials to hold press conferences, make public appearances, give out news. The problem today—the problem my newspaper and others were facing—had no such easy solution. The Government was giving out news. But the news, to use the phrase of James Reston of *The New York Times*, was "managed news." It was wrapped, as the Alsop brothers are fond of remarking, in "gobs of soothing syrup."

The more I studied the problem of reporting today, the more it seemed

(*Continued on page* 42)

to carry out tests in secrecy, observation will become difficult and uncertain." He then minimizes the dangers of radioactive fallout from testing with statements which are somewhat reminiscent of the old saying that pneumonia is no worse than a bad cold. And finally, Dr. Teller argues that the very rapidity of technological progress renders disarmament an impossibility. "Scientific and technological developments," he says, "have produced and will produce unexpected types of weapons. How shall one check whether such weapons exist when the person who does the checking does not even know what he is looking for?"

• • •

The policy as prescribed by Dr. Teller is to continue the arms race into the indefinite future. He offers us no short-term prospects or even remote long-range hopes for an end. There must be no disarmament. We must wage an endless sequence of little wars. We must continue developing new and more effective weapons for offense and defense. The specter of nuclear holocaust will be ever-present. We must resign ourselves to this and shape our way of life accordingly.

• • •

We are thus faced during the course of the next twenty-five years with the prospect of seeing one nation after another achieve the means of manufacturing nuclear explosives and of delivering them with planes, missiles, and submarines. With the addition of each new nation to the list, the problem of achieving control of any sort will increase enormously. As missiles become more dependable agents for delivery increased emphasis will be placed upon the use of nuclear explosives for defensive purposes. Eventually most nations will be heavily armed with these weapons. Imagine if you will a world in which nuclear weapons of all sizes have become commonplace and widespread. Couple this with the ever-present possibility of rash military action such as we have just witnessed in Tunisia. Add to this the prospect that rash actions can be precipitated in virtually every region of the globe. Mix with this the consideration that individual human beings are more likely to act in a crisis on the basis of heated emotions and deep-seated fears than on the basis of considered judgment. Add to this the extent to which ignorance permeates human society. Add, for what it is worth, our knowledge from past history concerning the frequency of occurrence of wars. Now examine all of these factors and ask yourselves for how long a time you honestly believe violence on a large scale can be avoided.

I do not believe that much imagination is required to appreciate that this situation would be intolerable and probably in the long run fatal. Yet it is the kind of situation which will almost certainly emerge if we pursue our present policies.

• • •

And we must realize that in the decades ahead we will be faced with other and in a sense even more difficult problems than nuclear control, involving not only our biological survival, but the survival of individual freedom as well. I am convinced that if the Soviet Union were, by some magic, to disappear tomorrow our situation would not be greatly eased—we would soon be confronted by other difficulties of equally grave magnitude.

I am convinced that as industrialization continues its relentless spread, within the framework of international anarchy, we are going to be faced by new Germanys, new Japans, and new Soviet Unions.

As worldwide consumption of goods increases and as the earth's resources of high-grade raw materials diminish in abundance, we will be faced with the necessity of applying our science and technology on an unprecedented scale to the task of surviving on the leanest of natural materials.

As the population of the world continues its accelerating rise, mankind will be faced with problems of providing living-space and adequate food and shelter for billions of new additions to the human community.

As industrialization spreads we will be faced with the prospect of watching more and more nations shift to totalitarian forms of government in the interest of shortening their periods of transition and in the interest of their own military survival.

• • •

As our own population grows, as the pressures from outside become even more intense, as our industrial network becomes increasingly complex, as the problems of military defense become ever more involved, we will be confronted internally by extraordinarily difficult problems involving our learning how to live in an industrial society. In Dr. Teller's world of the future, the world of the armed peace, the brush-fire war and the do-it-yourself air-raid shelter, the people of the United States will be driven steadily toward increased organization, increased conformity and increased control over the thoughts and actions of the individual. In the face of the powerful modern tools of persuasion and coercion I fear that what dignity and freedom we still possess may one day vanish.

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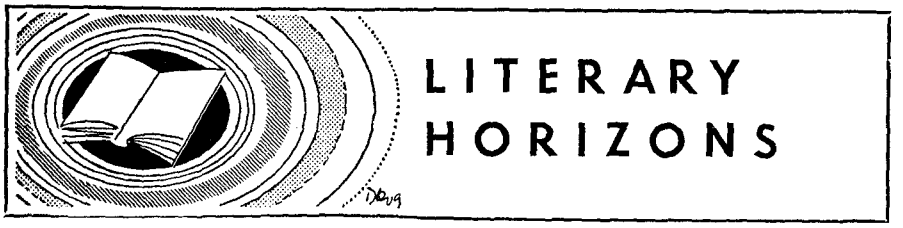


With this issue, Granville Hicks joins the staff of The Saturday Review *as Contributing Editor. He will write a regular column of literary criticism. Mr. Hicks is the author of "The Great Tradition," "I Like America," "Only One Storm," most recently "The Living Novel," and other works of fiction, biography, and criticism.*

By Granville Hicks

AS A teacher of writing, which I sometimes am, I can think of no more useful book to recommend to people who want to write novels or short stories than "Writers at Work" (Viking, $5.), which was reviewed in this magazine March 29 by John Barkham. From these sixteen skilful interviews, selected from the somewhat larger number that have appeared in *The Paris Review* over the past five years, a beginner can get some idea of the perils and rewards of the occupation on which he proposes to enter. In spite of a predictable and pardonable amount of posing, those interviewed are, as the title indicates, working writers, and the most important thing for the neophyte to learn is that they do work.

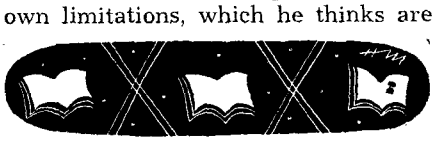
But the volume might also serve as a guidebook for critics and reviewers. There is or ought to be a distinction between the two. As I understand it, the literary critic examines a book or a body of literature in the largest possible perspective—*sub specie aeternitatis,* as the Latin tag puts it—and with posterity in mind. The reviewer, on the other hand, stands firmly in the present, responsible only to his contemporaries. The same person, of course, may be sometimes critic, sometimes reviewer, but the functions are different.

With the exception of Robert Penn Warren, who has functioned well both as critic and as reviewer, the authors heard from in "Writers at Work" seem to have a low opinion of criticism—a term the interviewers use loosely to include almost any writing about books. "The artist doesn't have time to listen to the critics," says William Faulkner. "The ones who want to be writers read the reviews; the ones who want to write don't have time to read reviews." William Styron admits—and in the admission he is, I think, more honest than some of the others—that he reads reviews, but he believes that critics should be ignored. Truman Capote reports that criticism by trustworthy persons before publication has helped him, "but after something is published, all I want to read or hear is praise. I'll give you fifty dollars," he continues, "if you produce a writer who can honestly say that he was ever helped by the prissy carpings and condescensions of reviewers."

All this, I believe, reviewers should ponder, in order to engrave upon their minds a simple but all-important truth: a review is written not for the sake of the author of the book but for the sake of its readers and conceivable readers. Capote is right: authors are often helped by the criticism of an editor, a teacher, or a friend, but this is criticism given privately and while the work in question is still a private matter. A review is a public transaction in which the author is really not involved, no matter how much pleasure or pain it may give him.

THE second truism reinforced by the interviews in "Writers at Work" is that good writers write as they have to, and the better they are, the less sense there is in telling them that they ought to write differently. This applies even to the physical conditions in which their writing is done. Georges Simenon, after having his blood pressure checked, locks himself up for ten or twelve days and at the end of that time has a short novel ready for the press. How unusual a way of working this is every other interview demonstrates, but it is Simenon's way. A reviewer is under no obligation to like Simenon's novels, but he does have to take them for what they are, regardless of how they are written.

The volume also serves to remind reviewers how many kinds of excellence there are. After speaking of his own limitations, which he thinks are shared by many other authors, E. M. Forster says: "We have not the power of observing the variety of life and describing it dispassionately. There are a few who have done this. Tolstoy was one, wasn't he?" Of course, it is true that E. M. Forster isn't Leo Tolstoy any more than he is D. H. Lawrence, but obviously this doesn't mean that he isn't a good novelist.



The more kinds of excellence a reviewer can recognize, the better he can do his job. There are many generalizations in "Writers at Work" about what makes for greatness in fiction—a sympathetic ear will persuade almost any author to indulge himself—but if you were to arrange them in parallel columns, they would just about cancel one another out. A reviewer, meditating upon these contradictions, is impelled to examine skeptically his own favorite formulas.

The great writer, as François Mauriac suggests, creates the standards by which his work is to be judged, and even writers for whom "great" is too large a term come close to doing that. The reviewer does, of course, bring his own standards to a book, and by them he recognizes and condemns shoddiness, pretentiousness, dishonesty, and all the grosser kinds of failure. But any book that passes the elementary tests deserves to be examined and judged on its own terms.

The ideal reviewer, in short, is prepared to give himself to a book just as far as it warrants the gift and just as far as his own capacity for giving will take him. Faulkner says that a review is the critic's way of saying, "Kilroy was here," just as Mencken used to maintain that critics write for the same reasons hens cackle. But if reviewing is a form of self-expression, as surely it is, it is properly a way of expressing the self in relation to a particular object. The self is there—a review wouldn't be worth much if it weren't—but it is there for a purpose.

HAVING given himself to a book, the reviewer writes about it with a definite audience in mind. He does not write for those who merely want to be entertained nor for those who want to be able to talk about a book without having read it; he writes for the readers of books. He talks to them about the book in such a way that they can decide whether or not it is a book for them. And perhaps, if he is lucky, he may be able to help some of them to read the book more perceptively than they would otherwise do.

I know I am making large claims. There is no sense in doing anything else. It is better to have a series of misses than to pretend one doesn't know what target is worth shooting at.

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AMERICAN SCENE

A New Political Dimension

How samplings, scientifically controlled, can really show with accuracy what the nation is thinking is the substance of **"You and Your Leaders,"** *by Elmo Roper (Morrow. 288 pp. $3.95). The book's significance is appraised by economist Stuart Chase, author of "The Power of Words" and various other works.*

By STUART CHASE

ELMO ROPER, after many years of telling us in the newspapers and over the air what Americans think about public figures and public questions, has written a book and planted some of these revealing thoughts between hard covers. The cumulative effect, at least to this reviewer, is to open up a whole new dimension in political history.

From his files, Mr. Roper has extracted what citizens had to say about nine public characters when they were making news—Franklin Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey, Harry Truman, Douglas MacArthur, George C. Marshall, Robert A. Taft, Adlai E. Stevenson, Dwight D. Eisenhower. The commentators, columnists, and historians have had their say, measured in millions of words, with more millions to come. But Mr. Roper has mobilized the opinions of the voters themselves, using a special technique which we will presently examine, unheard of before the 1930s.

Assuming that their samples accurately represent the electorate, the pollsters can provide two sidelights on any political leader, *viz.*: 1) What citizens think about him as a *person*, and how the popular image changes through time. 2) What citizens think of his *policies*—a reaction which may differ widely from the appraisal of him as a person.

What would we not give to have such an accounting added to the story of Lincoln, of Grant, of Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson?

The chapter on President Eisenhower gives a striking example of how popular respect for a leader's character may differ from approval of his policies. A poll taken in December, 1947, showed admiration for him as a person three times as great as for his policies. A poll in June, 1952, indicated that citizens were still enthusiastic about the New Deal—eighty-seven per cent in favor of Social Security, sixty-eight per cent in favor of the TVA, etc. Eisenhower,

—*Advix.*

Elmo Roper—". . . new dimension."

beginning his campaign, was rather dubious about these measures. He was later to call the TVA "creeping Socialism," and disapprove of the principle of security for everybody. These opinions and policies, however, had little effect on his personal popularity. Even voters for Stevenson, after the defeat of their candidate in 1952, thought that the election of Eisenhower was probably a good thing in the long run. Only seventeen per cent of them regarded it as unfortunate.

After the President's heart attack and operation, forty-three per cent of the sample polled, representing the whole electorate, thought he ought not to run in 1956, against twenty-nine per cent who thought he should. (Balance were undecided.) But when election day came around, they voted for him just the same.

Harry Truman reverses this profile. Voters were never very enthusiastic about him as a person, and toward the end of his stay in the White House his popularity rating was miserably low. But time and again the electorate approved of his policies. In August, 1950, for instance, a poll showed seventy-three per cent agreeing that Truman did the right thing in sending U.S. troops into Korea.

I could go on citing data indefinitely, much of it fascinating. How sound is it? To call opinion polls a genuinely scientific instrument is to elicit a horse laugh from many citizens—"Yeah, they elected Dewey, didn't they?" The pollsters did show Mr. Dewey leading with a handsome margin two months before the election of 1948; they concluded he was safely in, and failed to make a later check. Thereby they dealt their dawning science a serious blow. The reasons for this misfortune we will analyze in a moment, aided by Mr. Roper's frank diagnosis.

Polling is based on the theory of sampling, which has been practised for hundreds of years in respect to material things. Instead of counting, weighing, tasting the whole lot, you count, weigh, taste a sample which represents the whole lot, and thus save an immense amount of labor.

Scientists call the whole lot the "universe." A good wine taster by judicious sips can appraise the "universe" of the vintage. A universe of sand, marbles, or other free flowing material can be readily appraised by sampling. When units are not free flowing, they are said to be "clustered," and the sample must then be clustered to correspond to the universe.

A universe of people does not flow freely, and the task of the pollster is to get a sample which corresponds to the total within a predictable margin of error. When he does this carefully, he makes a significant contribution to knowledge, at a cost far below a total census.

THE depression of the 1930s gave tremendous impetus to the sampling theory as applied to people. The Government needed figures in a hurry concerning the number of persons unemployed, on relief, eligible for social security, etc., and time did not permit a complete census. World War II carried the technique further ahead. Samples were taken to determine public reaction to rationing, characteristics of draftees, employee gripes in war plants, how soldiers felt about the G.I. Bill of Rights. Businessmen meanwhile turned to opinion surveys on a massive scale for gauging both public reception of their products, and the temper of their employees. When I was making a study of relations between labor unions and management in the Standard Oil Co. of N. J., I found Mr. Roper's surveys an invaluable aid. To-

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day TV and radio ratings, based on sampling theory, can make or break a show. In short, public-opinion surveying is now useful to so many people, and so deep in the culture, that the only possible road is forward.

What *did* go wrong in 1948? The pollsters announced the election of Mr. Dewey *far too early*. Millions of voters, especially farmers and factory workers, changed their minds between August and November, while Republicans stayed away from the polls in droves because they thought the election was in the bag. Why were the pollsters so sure of their August figures—which, to be sure, may have been quite correct? Because early predictions had been dependable in the elections of 1936, 1940, and 1944. Most voters had made up their minds about FDR, but in 1948 they wavered between Truman and Dewey. The pollsters thought they had hit a general law, when all they had hit was the continuity of mass feeling about Mr. Roosevelt. It taught them a valuable if bruising lesson, and while they were hurt in popular esteem, I am confident that their science was advanced.

Opinion sampling as developed in Mr. Roper's book is closer to scientific control and far more useful than predicting election winners. In the hands of such men as Paul Lazarsfeld, Samuel Stouffer, George Katona, Edmund Brunner, Hadley Cantril, as well as the market researchers, it is becoming more dependable all the time. Methods for random sampling, quota sampling, panel sampling, open-ended questions are being constantly refined.

The major technical challenge is to make sure that the respondent *has* an opinion worth recording, and if he has, to measure its intensity. Mr. Roper, in his conclusion, stresses a profound point in this connection. He says that the first duty of opinion research is to explore the areas of public *ignorance*, and thus alert responsible statesmen and the mass media to fill the vacuum. By improving techniques for determining what issues people misunderstand, "we shall be able to define the work to be done by our educators and thought leaders . . . we shall then be able to prove that 'the cure for democracy is more democracy'."

Care and Feeding of Language

"American English," by Albert H. Marckwardt *(Oxford. 194 pp. $4.50), reports on the evolution that has been taking place in the language we speak. The study is reviewed by Bergen Evans, co-author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage" and host for the TV program "The Last Word."*

By Bergen Evans

IN THIS book Dr. Marckwardt traces the development of the English language in America and discusses language changes in terms of the history and cultural life of the people who produced them. Beginning with the special dialects brought to this country by the first settlers, he shows the effects brought about by contact with other languages—American Indian, French, Spanish, Dutch, and German. To this he adds, as a liberalizing influence, the bumptious inventiveness of the frontiersman. He then discusses the forces of restraint exerted by an insecure society, trying to live down what was yesterday's frontier, and reinforced by non-English-speaking immigrants, painfully anxious to learn the "right" kind of English.

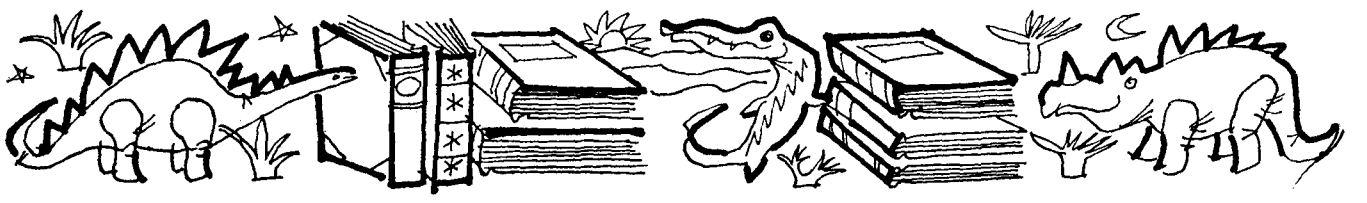
The surprisingly large number of Americans who use grammars as our forefathers sometimes used the Scriptures, to discover new sins to confound their neighbors with, will get no satisfaction from this book. The account is purely factual. It describes what happened, and leaves comments as to what was praiseworthy and what regrettable to those who like to make such judgments. But anyone who is sincerely interested in understanding language in general, and American English in particular, will find the book extremely valuable. He will see language, not as slices of a desiccated corpse, but as a living reality, in which the problems that plague the grammar-school child and apparently haunt some men as long as they live, simply have no place.

After discussing factually the development of English in this country during the past two or three hundred years and the regional variations that exist here today, Dr. Marckwardt allows himself, in the final chapter, to speculate on the future of English and to comment upon its present tendencies. Already the first language, or mother tongue, of 230 million people and the second language of perhaps another 125 million, it seems reasonable that English should become the international language, the chief means of communication between nations speaking such diverse languages as Hindi and Arabic. If this should happen, the number and diversity of English-speaking people will be greatly increased and this in turn will inevitably bring about changes in the language itself. Dr. Marckwardt is able to point out what some of these changes are likely to be.

One may well ask whether English would be able to maintain its vigor under such circumstances. According to Dr. Marckwardt this vigor can be maintained if native speakers of English refuse to allow themselves to be hag-ridden and tongue-tied by a conglomerate of linguistic taboos—such as the taboo against using *like* for *as*, or an objective pronoun after the verb *to be*—and give attention to the broader aspects of structure and the evolving tendencies of their language. He closes his book with this warning:

> It is our responsibility to realize whither the language is tending, and the duty of our schools and teachers to promulgate healthy linguistic attitudes. If this is done, we may be certain that some individuals can and will attain greatness in the use of the language, which in turn will make of it a more flexible and sensitive medium for the rest of us. In this sense, a new era lies before all the English-speaking peoples.

Dr. Marckwardt's book itself will do a great deal toward planting and nourishing these desirable attitudes.



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FICTION

Hamlet on the Waterfront

"The Raw Edge," by Benjamin Appel *(Random House. 383 pp. $3.95), tells the story of corruption, violence, and vengeance among the longshoremen of New York's waterfront. Reviewer W. R. Burnett is author of "Asphalt Jungle."*

By W. R. Burnett

MR. APPEL'S new novel is a story of the New York waterfront, of unionism, crooked and otherwise, and of all the men—from dockwallopers to steamship line presidents—who are involved in the nonstop, dynamic, and ruthless struggle for power in one of the most obscure, tangled, and dangerous jungles of American civilization. It's all there in this hard-hitting, vigorous, naturalistic novel: the double- and triple-crossing, the dark deals and the darker murders, the lying, fighting, gouging, and conniving; in fact, for my taste, there is too much of it; it becomes repetitious, and at times the novel tends to be all background. To paraphrase Flaubert, the pedestal often seems too large for the statue.

The plot, or story—the statue, as it were—is a simple one. Pete Pironi, longshoreman and one of the few incorruptible rebels on the waterfront, is ruthlessly murdered to shut his mouth; and Pete's son, Andy, a high-school student, sensitive, muddled, overemotional, nothing like his rugged, heroic father, takes upon his narrow shoulders the responsibility of revenging his father's death. He buys a gun and immediately sets out to kill the mobster, Joe the Boss Dinetti, the one apparently responsible for ordering the rub-out. But Dinetti, owing to the uproar over the death of Pete Pironi, has left town. And little by little Andy Pironi's purpose becomes blunted; although pursued by feelings of guilt over his failure to avenge the murder, he takes a job on the waterfront, gets drawn into the power struggle—and on the wrong side, the side responsible for his father's death —,lives high, has a sordid affair with a mobster's aging wife; and even when Joe Dinetti returns from exile and openly resumes his position as a union boss, Andy Pironi—though he hires a private detective to "make sure" that Dinetti is the guilty one, a feeble, face-saving gesture—actually does nothing at all, but just drifts by slow and ugly stages into a chaotic and by now almost meaningless disaster, though he does succeed in killing the man responsible for his father's death.

If the plot seems familiar to you, that is easy to understand. "The Raw Edge" is a "Hamlet" of the New York waterfront. The parallels are too numerous and too close to the original to be accidental, and, at least for my taste, this makes the novel doubly interesting, particularly as the two backgrounds are superficially so remote from one another and yet basically so similar. Power fights—engendering lying, stealing, double-crossing, and murder—are embarrassingly the same, whether the date is 3000 B.C. and the place Mesopotamia, Denmark of the Middle Ages, or 1958 A.D., Waterfront, New York City.

In a day when fine, even reasonably good, novels are few and far between and a blown-up short story of fashionable adultery on the Riviera or 600 pages laboring the obvious are considered "masterpieces," it is a pleasure to read a novel by a professional who knows what he is doing, and why. "The Raw Edge" is a damned good novel.

—From "The Raw Edge" (Bernard Cole).

". . . double- and triple-crossing."

Children's Aura

"The Greengage Summer," by Rumer Godden *(Viking. 218 pp. $3.50), set in France, is a child's-eye view of the worlds of truth and untruth. L. P. Hartley, who employed this technique in "The Go-Between," reviews Miss Godden's novel for us.*

By L. P. Hartley

"THE GREENGAGE SUMMER" is one of those variations on the theme of "What Maisie Knew," of which "The Fountain Overflows" is another recent example. Why this sudden interest in the workings of the child-mind? Perhaps because psychoanalysis has put weight to Wordsworth's dictum that the child is father to the man; perhaps because novelists, who are mostly drawn from the middle classes, see more of their children than they did during the era of nannies and nursemaids. Certain it is that children are now regarded more as persons in their own right, with feelings and opinions, likes and dislikes, that must be respected, than they were in my day.

Miss Rumer Godden has always written well about children, and in "The Greengage Summer" she writes particularly well. The action takes place between the two world wars; the scene is laid in France at an hotel on the banks of the Marne, where Mrs. Grey has taken her rather unruly family (four girls and a boy) from England to visit, surprisingly, the war graves. "Three years separated each of us children—Father's [botanical] expeditions usually lasted three years —but Joss and I had always been the Big Ones, as Willmouse and Vicky had been the Littles, with Hester in a non-man's-land between." Sixteen years old, proud and reserved, Joss was the beauty of the family. It is Cecil, the next sister, who tells the story—as she remembers it in later life.

Already ill when the party arrives, Mrs. Grey is put in a hospital, leaving the children on their own; otherwise nothing that happens to them could have happened. A tall, enigmatical stranger called Eliot, also a visitor at the hotel, makes himself responsible for them. Eliot, it turns out, is the lover of the proprietress, Mademoiselle Zizi, who is also loved, less conventionally, by the manageress, Madame Corbet. ("But can a lady love a lady?" one of the children asks.) Eliot soon falls for Joss; but the nature of his nonamatory activities, which give the book its plot, remains a secret.

To me, however, it is not the plot which makes "The Greengage Sum-

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mer" memorable. It is beautifully worked out, for no one knows better than Miss Godden how to sow the seeds of suspense and how on occasion to make one's flesh creep. That moment when the pseudo-Eliot is discovered by the river! But the sensational plot is somehow out of key with the rest—the evocation of the burning August weather, the impact of the hotel and its staff—all the "foreignness"—on the minds and imaginations of the children, their awakening to a life in two worlds—a world of truth and a world of untruth. When the police come in, poetry is apt to go out. By some miracle Miss Godden extracts this delicate poetry and shimmering lyricism from facts which are always hard and often sordid—for who will quickly forget Mme. Corbet's meanness, Paul the writer's nastiness (they both had other, pleasanter qualities), and, between bouts of ostentatious bonhomie, the ruthless materialism of the whole setup at Les Oiellets? Nor is her portrayal of childhood at all sentimental; we seldom feel she is balancing youth against age, innocence against its opposite, but the contrast is always there and always poignant.

In a Dutch Schoolroom

"Ciske the Rat," by Piet Bakker *(translated by Celia Wieniewska and Peter Janson-Smith; Doubleday. 211 pp. $3.75), tells about an unhappy Dutch boy who responds to the understanding of a sympathetic schoolteacher. Our Holland-born reviewer, Henriette Roosenburg, is the author of "The Walls Came Tumbling Down."*

By Henriette Roosenburg

THIS is a novel of juvenile delinquency with a difference. The setting is not that of teenage street gangs with sideburns and leather jackets who fight rumbles with guns, knives, and chains, but the well-disciplined, strictly-run classroom of a grade school in Holland, into which enters one day an undersized, wary, thoroughly defensive boy of about eleven, nicknamed "the Rat." "He had large eyes, full of expression," his teacher noticed; "They were beautiful eyes, particularly noticeable under their colorless brows in the pale face with its thin lips. All in all he seemed a forlorn bundle of misery . . ." The teacher, who tells his story in the first person, takes a liking to the boy and tries to thaw out the icy crust he has built around his sensitive soul. It is a slow process, but soon some of the other children in the class come to his aid in their own unpremeditated, realistic way. There is a dumb little blonde who can never master her lessons, but who disarms the Rat with her motherly warmth. There is a cripple who comes to school in a wheel chair and with whom the Rat strikes up a fast friendship. There are the usual fights with other boys, but gradually the Rat gets integrated and the school becomes a haven for him.

His real difficulty, however, as the teacher soon discovers, lies at home. His father is always away at sea, and his mother is a fat, heartless, screaming slut, who makes the Rat work after school hours in the bar where she reigns behind the counter. Yet at first the Rat's misdeeds do not seem particularly important: a broken window, a tiny scratch with a penknife on another boy's wrist, occurrences that in this country would not have warranted any attention from juvenile authorities. Then suddenly the Rat is in real serious trouble: in a fit of rage following much abuse, he throws a knife at his mother and accidentally kills her. How the Rat lives through the hard months at reform school and how he later rids himself of his excruciating guilt feelings with the help of his teacher and his classmates makes up the rest of the story.

—*Martin Müller.*

Piet Bakker—". . . sheds a clear light."

THE translation is somewhat stiff and bookish (especially in the dialogue), and the manner and philosophies of the teacher may often strike the American reader as overly pompous, yet this book is definitely worth reading for the parents of grade-school pupils in this country, who worry about both the teenage delinquency their children may be drawn into and the insufficient education they are getting. Without meaning to do so, this novel sheds a clear and interesting light on the difference in education here and in Europe—where children are still considered children, not diminutive adults, where classroom discipline is tight and the accent of the school is on teaching and learning, with personality problems forming an almost accidental component. The system undoubtedly has its drawbacks, yet there is something refreshing in the description of the thoroughly childish behavior of these ten-year-olds on a school excursion day or, a year later, on a camping trip with their teacher. And in the very attitude of the Rat towards his class, his teacher, and even the much tougher demands of the reform school there is an expression of the craving for kind, but firm discipline, which seems to be part of a child's world.

ROMP ON THE GLENS: The hero of Peter De Vries's latest romp on the glens of exurbia, **"The Mackerel Plaza"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), is a young, liberal clergyman who considers any tendency towards religious revival a serious form of backsliding. According to the Reverend Andrew Mackerel of "People's Liberal" (a split-level church with a free-form pulpit designed by Noguchi) in exurban Avalon, Connecticut ("a community where tired successes flee to enact the old charade of seeking roots"), the Bible is "at worst a hodgepodge of myths." And while myths have a certain psychological value and are necessary, they do not, Mackerel believes, constitute real faith. "It is the final proof of God's omnipotence," he says in a sermon, "that he need not exist in order to save us." Unfortunately for Mackerel, however, his congregation is a myth-prone group who bring jars of vichyssoise and smoked clams to church as offerings for flood victims and sneak off to New York to hear Billy Graham preach. These things the Reverend bears with fortitude, but when one of the more devout puts up a "Jesus Saves" sign in the neighborhood of

(*Continued on page 40*)

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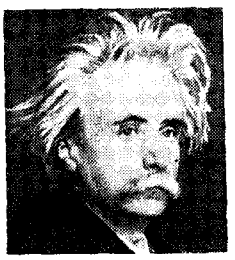
MUSIC



Edvard Grieg.

Mozart from a portrait by Hellbling.

Berlioz from a portrait by Signol.

In Words as Well as Music

"The Composer as Listener," edited by Irving Kolodin *(Horizon, 295 pp. $5.75), is an anthology of comments by and about composers—some twenty-four of them—compiled and commented upon by* SR*'s music editor. Reviewer Harriett Johnson, is music critic for the* New York Post.

By Harriett Johnson

I WOULD disagree with Mr. Kolodin in his significant preface to this often fascinating compilation when he writes: "It is, indeed, rather remarkable that so much that is sound and pertinent endures to command our attention in the writings of these composers." On the contrary, I would rather expect composers of the big stature of most of the men included in "The Composer as Listener"—Mozart, Brahms, Wagner, Berlioz, and others—to be expressing "themselves" in words as well as in music. Thus, I would, *a priori*, expect their words to be, for the most part, "more sound and pertinent" than not and "to command our attention." But I wholeheartedly agree with Mr. Kolodin when he states: "How they heard music, even more pertinently, how they *thought* music, cannot fail to contribute mightily to the music listening and music thinking of anyone who reads their words."

If the composer proves to be far from an infallible prophet, at least his perceptiveness far outweighs his miscalculations, and, judging by the excerpts in this volume, he is consistently provocative rather than dull. Though Mr. Kolodin's book lists only twenty-four composers, with Richard Strauss and Arnold Schoenberg coming the closest to the present day, he is as a result, able to include some especially interesting longer excerpts. Among them are Berlioz's discussion of Beethoven's nine symphonies, together with his overblown but still ingenious treatise on the claque, and Wagner's detailed exposition on conducting, as well as his wonderful essay on Beethoven. The book also abounds in well-chosen shorter selections that highlight the human touch, such as the picture of Verdi picking up Massenet's valise and carrying it to the lesser composer's carriage. "The Composer as Listener" should be absorbing to both the music-conscious layman and the musician, and herein lies part of its charm and its service.

Some of the longer articles, such as "Schumann" by Grieg, are also nontechnical. In revealing his attitudes and prejudices, Grieg reveals himself. Naïveté, for instance, he calls "the most priceless jewel of art," and applies the description to Schumann's music. His attitude toward Beethoven is especially significant in manifesting his musical conservatism. Referring to Mozart in another article, Grieg says: "And then this ocean of euphony!" Shortly after appears this sentence: "Not so with Beethoven, who, indeed, never hesitated to push aside euphony for the sake of reaching higher ends. With him began the new era, the motto of which might be expressed in the words "Truth first, then beauty."

Berlioz, we are reminded, was harmonically conservative in his tastes, just as he was in his works, though an innovator and iconoclast in orchestration. He objects to the wonderful passage in Beethoven's "Eroica" in which during bars 394 and 395 of the first movement the horns and the strings, "tremolo," are dissonant with one another. Comments Berlioz, "Looking at things broadly it is difficult to find a serious justification for this musical caprice."

Along with such disclosures, we find in the book countless excerpts to urge one in a light-hearted direction. Typical of these personal glimpses are Mahler's account of his meeting with Strauss's wife, and Strauss's story of the first solo viola player's calling out to him when he had mislaid his baton and was about to pick up another, "Not that one, Doctor—it's got no rhythm."

With such persuasive material at hand, together with Mr. Kolodin's terse but informative editorial comments, one asks why he doesn't consistently list his sources? For the most part he indicates them, yet, for example, we come upon "Mozart" by Grieg with no reference given. This, of course, might be called quibbling in a collection which has, considered from some aspects, more breadth than the title suggests.

IN "The Composer as Listener" we learn of the general philosophy of the men represented as well as their attitude on aspects of their special art. It is exciting to read Gounod's passionate defense of the superior individual as opposed to the "ignorant mass." We also find out a great deal concerning attitudes toward interpretation and interpreters, and of the patterns and standards of concert-giving.

Possibly one of the more profound if less universal functions of the book will be to warn the critic about the fallibility of himself, in a way that only a judicious survey volume of

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Truth and Power

A HAIR-RAISING situation now exists in which a small group of men who are not part of the elective process of government have nevertheless assumed unprecedented powers for shaping national policy outside their designated functions.

The group is the Atomic Energy Commission. It is the only agency of government which can embark on programs that affect and even dominate economic policy, military policy, and foreign policy. It is the only agency of government which can decide how much it is willing to let the American people know about its operations. It is the only agency of government that can evaluate its own performance, exempt itself from the consequences of its own errors, and shield these errors from public scrutiny.

Some of the implications of these powers have been brought into focus as the result of a recent incident.

First, some background. The danger of a runaway nuclear arms race culminating in continental explosions is no longer a remote one. Momentum has a way of making its own decisions. The nuclear arsenals now contain weapons that have gone far beyond military requirements. The use of these weapons will produce not victory but mutual suicide. The situation is similar to what would happen if occupants of the same building decided to wage war against one another by setting fire to the building after sealing themselves in. If victory in the contest between democracy and Communism is to be found, therefore, it will have to be outside a nuclear war.

Devising a policy that can achieve both peace and freedom is the most important and most complicated business in the world. Yet a start must be made somewhere. It makes sense to expect that such a start should be in the field of arms control. Not that arms control by itself will give us enduring peace. Nothing short of effective world law can create a basis for enduring peace. But arms control can at least remove some of the fuse points of a nuclear arms race. And one good place to begin on any arms control program is with a ban on further nuclear test explosions.

The Atomic Energy Commission, which manufactures and tests the nuclear explosives, has been opposed to any ban on testing and, for that matter, to any agreement on nuclear arms control. The AEC has taken the flat position that such agreements are unenforceable. It would be difficult and perhaps impossible, spokesmen for the AEC have declared, to detect nuclear explosions if the Soviet were intent on keeping them secret. By way of proving this point, the AEC pointed to its own underground nuclear test experiment recently conducted in Nevada. Despite the devastating underground effects, the explosion could not be detected at a distance greater than 235 miles, the AEC officially announced.

IF THIS were true, then the hope for nuclear arms control would be a dim one indeed. But Congressional initiative established that the AEC statement is not true and indeed never was. The Nevada underground explosion was actually detected more than two thousand miles away, and the AEC was so informed at the time.

Confronted with the actual evidence that it had falsified vital information, the AEC said that the error was "inadvertent." What members of the AEC did not explain, however, was why they had used information to support a public position even though the information was false. Even after the AEC apparently knew that the underground test had been detected at great distances, it continued to tell news commentators and television producers that underground tests could be carried out secretly.

Errors, inadvertent or otherwise, are understandable. What is completely irresponsible and indeed reprehensible, however, is the use of false information in connection with the advocacy of national policy. For the AEC did not merely circulate a report it knew to be false. It used that false report as the basis for an attempt to win the American public opinion over to its own point of view.

Equally serious is the fact that the AEC has been using its authority and influence to block any program for world control over nuclear weapons. And Dr. Edward Teller, who is prominently associated with the Atomic Energy Commission, has been attempting to reassure the American people that nuclear testing can go on indefinitely without danger—a proposition that the AEC's own reports do not support.

WHAT is involved here is not merely a matter of public confidence in a government agency. What is involved here are real and specific issues concerned with the safety of life on earth. Circumstances have contrived to make of the Atomic Energy Commission one of the most powerful agencies in our history. We should no longer delay bringing the AEC into the same framework of checks and balances within which the rest of the government has to operate. Certainly, a separate agency should be charged with the responsibility for evaluating the results of nuclear testing, whether with respect to radioactive fallout or the question of detectability.

The fact that men of science are connected with the AEC is not by itself sufficient assurance that wisdom and sanity will prevail. The theory on which this government was set up was that good government depends less on good men than upon good laws. Indeed, the easiest way for good men to turn bad is to give them a privileged position where their power can be used beyond their own designated functions.

Nuclear bombs are the quintessence of raw power in the modern world. They call for the severest controls—not only over the bombs themselves, but over the men who have the authority to make them. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE METHOD

AMUSEMENT alternated with dismay as I read Psychoanalyst Manrique's misnamed exposition, "Miracles Explained" (*SR* Mar. 15). First, he makes the obvious and acceptable statement that ". . . the miracle is ruled only by faith," truly the crux of the entire matter. Then he departs on a lengthy, jargon-ridden personal interpretation of visions, an untested hypothesis that hardly qualifies as ". . . a more basic scientific perspective." Finally, he seems to elaborate the long-known concept that functional disorders, some of which resemble organic disease, may be modified by emotional experiences. Unfortunately, we shall have to leave miracles in the realm of religious experience until more scientific methods are incorporated into the discipline of psychiatry.

WILLIAM A. TISDALE, M.D.

New Haven, Conn.

PROJECTED WATER

EITHER THROUGH deliberate neglect or inadequate information about the happenings at Lourdes, Dr. Manrique fails to mention those proven facts that tend to derogate his theory. For instance, are we to suppose that the stream which appeared when Bernadette dug with her hands in the earth was a "projection" of all the individuals who saw and washed in it?

JAMES M. MURPHY.

Chicago, Ill.

PUERILE FANCIES

IT SEEMS to me a great deal simpler and infinitely less superstitious to believe that God did manifest Himself in the phenomenon of Lourdes exactly to accomplish what He has been and is accomplishing, rather than trying to explain the phenomenon away by illogical and puerile fancies.

VIRGINIA L. PAINE.

Wayland, Mass.

FERTILE GROUND FOR MIRACLES

OPINIONS such as this one of Manrique's: "Loneliness and despair offer fertile ground for the occurrence of miracles . . ." are insults to the billions of people in the world who believe in God. In my opinion, the sentence should have read as follows: "Faith and deep devotion to God offer fertile ground for God to perform a miracle."

THOMAS R. PETERS.

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

DISQUALIFICATIONS

HERE WE HAVE a psychiatrist who discredits the official pronouncements of his own Church, a travel-writer who considers St. Bernadette a character in a fairytale, and a publisher who admits he does not believe in God. If you consider such men qualified to evaluate what is an important article of faith to millions of Catholics, then I am prepared for *SR* to assign Bulganin, Mao, and Nasser to discuss the U. S. Constitution.

GLENN D. KITTLER.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Nonsense, Telemachus, no man will ever run a five-minute mile."

PRAYERS FOR FRIENDS

IT WAS A PLEASURE to read N.C.'s editorial in *SR* Mar. 15 regarding the recent public expressions of Dr. Teller. I also heard and saw the "Meet the Press" appearance of Dr. Teller, and was dismayed at his attitude towards continuance of nuclear tests. I have requested of my congregation that they pray for the four men sailing for the Pacific testing grounds in protest. This protest was initiated by members of the Society of Friends. They set sail in February and had to return for repairs of damages received during a storm, but are scheduled to sail again the last of this month.

FRED WIDMANN, JR.
The Presbyterian Church.

Hobart, N. Y.

TELLER AND LAW

I HAVE BEFORE me a pamphlet in which Dr. Teller is quoted as saying, ". . . In the long run, I believe preparedness is not sufficient to avoid a war. Something else is needed, and this something else is law and order. How to establish international law and order is a question which . . . is the business of everybody . . . because the world has become too small to allow the functioning of completely independent and irresponsible units." Would that Dr. Teller would lend his talents to that important business.

FRANCES E. LAYER.

Warren, O.

SUFFICIENT SHAKESPEARE

PERMIT ME to express the hope that when and if New York City and State "come to realize that the annual maintenance of a Public Theatre is as much their responsibility as a Public Library" (BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, *SR* Mar. 8) they will also realize that a Public Theatre is not the same thing as a Shakespeare Festival. After all, Shakespeare's plays are only the greatest plays in English and perhaps the greatest plays ever written; they are not the only great plays ever written.

ARTHUR WILMURT,
Associate Professor of Drama,
Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

RUSSIANS AND CHILDREN

JANE VAN DERLIP unwittingly put her finger smack dab on the very problem plaguing America when she said, as quoted in "Routes for Russians" (BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, *SR* Feb. 8): "We'll volunteer to open our home to a Russian visitor (*if he can stand five children*)." Italics are all mine, because I see in the intended humor of the underscored words nothing but grief. Many a true word is spoken in jest, and Mrs. Van Derlip has certainly done just that. In the United States it has become a dry joke to be able to stand children and, don't let us fool ourselves, our children feel it, know it, are keenly aware of it, and are not happy for it. Children in Russia now—as any person who has traveled in Russia or who has intimate knowledge of the Russian behavior could testify—are the apples of their parents' or their elders' eyes. The lack of commodities, lack of diversions, lack of hope for one's own self have made the Russian take infinite delight in children whose innocence of the world's evils allow him to forget his own hopeless situation. I am certain that most Russian visitors would probably be spending a good deal of their time with Mrs. Van Derlip's children, if they were staying with her.

SVIATOSLAV G. YASINITSKY.

Burlingame, Calif.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ansermet at the Philharmonic—Moedl, Steber

IT is no longer news, even in New York, that Ernest Ansermet is one of the master conductors of the day, as he has demonstrated over the past decade with the NBC, the Philadelphia, and the Boston orchestras. The only news in his latest appearance in Carnegie Hall was his belated affiliation with the Philharmonic Orchestra—thus, in a way, "better belated than never."

It was a special challenge to have his great skill put to the test of converting this all-purpose organization—for the while at least—to his view of the right, the proper, orchestra gospel. To say that Ansermet succeeded is to say that he reminded us that the first principle of his musical decalogue is "Let there be light"—a luminous, clear, penetrating kind of sonority in which all the instruments are equal in their contribution to the totality. For his text Ansermet utilized Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, which rippled and undulated through strings, woodwinds, brass, and percussion with a fine flexibility of mass and a homogeneous blend of detail.

Ansermet's ripely-seasoned art was also a conspicuous part of the outcome in the C minor Concerto of Beethoven in which Myra Hess was the soloist. Without surrendering any part of the orchestra's prerogative in this work, Ansermet made it a harmonious unit with the Hess piano, especially in the slow movement, which was not so much performed as evoked. Barring a wrong note or two, Hess played the work splendidly in her own way, which is on a smaller dynamic scale than some others project. In addition to his much admired version of Debussy's "La Mer," Ansermet offered the first performance of Juan Castro's "Corales Criollos." These variations permitted Ansermet further opportunity to show his finesse in the integration of detail, but they contained meager values, otherwise, to justify the time spent on them.

ANY composer who puts himself out to write a concerto for viola is, obviously, performing a public service and is entitled to gratitude therefore. Not many with the skill of Walter Piston have felt such an urge, and the evidences of consideration in the work performed by Joseph di Pasquale with the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch in its latest visit to Carnegie Hall are many. Like most mature works of Piston it is executed with taste, judgment, and admirable compactness. He has a keen awareness of the length to which his ideas can be expanded, and he doesn't exceed it. This is, inferentially, a tribute to his organizational sense, in that the "end" justifies the means by which it was attained, thus growing out of what has proceeded.

Di Pasquale is an excellent musician and a violist of good sound and fluency. But there were suggestions, from time to time, that the power of projection, the salience of tone and dynamics that go with a career of solo performance on the instrument were lacking. There are few who qualify for such recognition at the present time, but until the best of them puts his mind to this work it would be difficult to tell whether Piston's melodic seeds can blossom, like the primrose, or merely bud. This Munch program also offered a spirited playing of Handel's "Water Music" (the horn players would probably call his tempi in the fast movements exasperating rather than exhilarating) and a forthright one of Bartok's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta." However, this is not a particularly forthright score, and some of Munch's effects leveled out the subtleties of sound, the niceties of timbre which comprise its distinctive flavor.

"PARSIFAL" had more than its usual first-performance-of-the-season quality at the Metropolitan this year, thanks to such strong performances as Jerome Hines's Gurnemanz, the presence for the first time of Ramon Vinay as Parsifal and Martha Moedl as Kundry. Both Vinay and Moedl are familiar artists to this public, as they are elsewhere in these roles; but one circumstance or another has previously prevented them from being available to New York at "Parsifal" time.

Each has an equal amount to give, but Moedl has more of the vocal power to accomplish her intentions. Her differentiation of vocal qualities at various stages of Kundry's troubled existence is exemplary, with a warm flowing sound for "Ich sah' das Kind" which made this the expressive high-spot it is meant to be. Her conception of word values is more acute than her means to convey it, but she makes the effect wanted at such an outburst as "Lachte!" whether or not it is a round, fully-focused tone. Moedl also makes the most sightly appearance of any Kundry in recent years, a final reason for considering it her most compelling achievement on this stage.

The recurrent emphasis on Vinay's vocal limitations may be approaching monotony, which is another way of saying that his grasp of such a part is so appealing one only wishes the voice were more tractable. In such climaxes as "Amfortas! die Wunde" it is the old-fashioned "Bayreuth bark" and nothing else.

Jerome Hines is now a superb Gurnemanz in sound, an imposing one in sight, and a soberly musical one at all times; Mack Harrell, a knowing, if vocally limited Amfortas; and Gerhard Pechner an uncommonly potent Klingsor. William Wilderman continued the good work of his introductory season as the offstage Titurel. An excellent group of Flower Maidens (Mmes. Hurley, Krall, Vanni, Elias, Cundari, and Roggero) gave this episode more than customary vocal quality. Conductor Fritz Stiedry maintained a steady flow of sound, in wisdom and dignity.

THE season's final "Rosenkavalier" permitted some who had missed it earlier an opportunity to join the nationwide radio audience in appraising the present state of Eleanor Steber's Marschallin. It is nearly ten seasons since Miss Steber faced this challenge for the first time (in 1949), and she has grown immeasurably in the part. Probably she will never muster the guttural fulness of the low voice to manage the conversational elements as they should be, but the ease and clarity of her top give an accent to other passages (the end of Act I and all of the third-act trio) which otherwise fine Marschallins may miss. More emphasis on the text would be welcome, also a refinement of some dramatic details. But Steber's future in this part should be a bright one.

With Max Rudolf adding an element of warmth to the niceties imposed on the orchestral performance earlier in the season by Karl Böhm, this was an uncommonly satisfying "Rosenkavalier." Risë Stevens outdid herself as Octavian, meaning that one can scarcely imagine a fuller realization of its possibilities. Perhaps the presence of two Marschallins (the visiting Lotte Lehmann was seated in a box) stimulated Miss Stevens to an effort that was, possibly, the best of her career. Laurel Hurley (Sophie) and Otto Edelmann (Ochs) were also at their best. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

—H. S.

Court of the Mystery of Life—"orange blossoms, lyrics in stone, music in the bushes."

EVER-EVER LAND

FOR every American who went to Europe last year two visitors, animate, breathing, and under their own power and presumably their own volition, visited Forest Lawn, a 400-acre park in Glendale, a subdivision of Los Angeles, which nominally, at least, is a cemetery. However, aside from being a burial ground, Forest Lawn, which clocked 1,350,000 tourists in 1957, is most certainly also in the tourist business, not to mention the souvenir business, the flower business, the life-insurance business, the wedding business, and, in the opinion of many, show-business.

Over 170,000 people are already buried in Forest Lawn, some under memorials that cost a quarter of a million dollars and others in roadside plots that cost $250 to $300. Some observers of Dr. Hubert Eaton, the imaginative metallurgist, who established the cemetery in 1917, having quickly toted up the available acreage, the running prices for burial, and with an eye to the ingenious advertising campaigns operated by Forest Lawn, conclude that the whole project is more lucrative, than, say home-building might have been on the same acreage.

Dr. Eaton testified in 1917 that he would build Forest Lawn "as different, as unlike other cemeteries as sunshine is unlike darkness, as eternal life is unlike death." These differences have not only caused some of Hollywood's most celebrated personalities to choose it for their marriages as well as their interments, but, until the opening of Disneyland a few years ago, it consistently ranked as the number-one tourist attraction in the greater Los Angeles area.

Even today, with Disneyland drawing a slightly bigger gate, Forest Lawn still has to line up its visitors, who wait to see such prime spectacles as the stained-glass reproduction of da Vinci's "The Last Supper" and the world's largest painting of the Crucifixion, a work so wide that if it were stood on end it would be as high as a twenty-story building.

"The Last Supper" is displayed every hour on the hour in the Memorial Terrace, a formidable stone structure that also houses the Memorial Court of Honor, a collection of graves which, Dr. Eaton hopes, will in centuries become a sort of American Westminster Abbey. To be buried within the Memorial Court of Honor one has to be nominated by a Council of Regents composed of prominent West Coast citizens, whose formal go-to-meeting attire includes a flowing red robe, a red, Cardinal-type hat, and a medallion slung on a red cord around the neck. So far the Council has nominated only three citizens: Gutzum Borglum, Dr. Robert Milliken, and Carrie Jacobs Bond. Forest Lawn's newest memorial is dedicated to Jean Hersholt, before his death an active member of the Council and a prominent voice in Forest Lawn affairs. It depicts Hans Christian Andersen's fairytale character, Klodhans, a boy who left home, married a princess, and won a kingdom.

INSIDE Memorial Terrace, but not in the Memorial Court, are such famed Hollywood names as Marie Dressler, whose crypt is marked simply by her signature; Jean Harlow, sealed in a wall behind the legend that says "Our Baby"; and Irving Thalberg, the producer and husband of Norma Shearer, whose mausoleum has a window looking across the acres towards Hollywood. This whole section is locked from the public which, especially in the case of Miss Harlow, had gotten into the habit of chipping souvenir bits of marble from the crypts.

Everyone, however, is invited with pleasure and without cost to view the hourly showings of "The Last Supper." Before the large 30′ x 15′ tableau is uncovered, taped stentorian tones explain the history of its manufacture in Italy by an artist named Rosa Moretti. Five times the figure of Judas cracked in the making. Cablegrams whisked back and forth between Italy and Southern California. Miss Moretti vowed that if the Judas figure were to break on the sixth try, then she would construe it as divine intercedence and drop the project. There were tense moments in Glendale, but finally the cablegram came. Success in Italy. With that a crescendo of music feeds off the tape and through the loudspeakers and the curtains part to reveal "The Last Supper" illuminated by natural light. The spectacle ends when twilight descends behind the glass, an effect simulated by the closing of shutters.

While such showmanship may be lost on Forest Lawn's critics, they are not lost on the Italian Government, which has lately knighted Dr. Eaton. He is also the only American to have been elected to the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. The grounds are also beautified by a complete set of all the major statuary of Michelangelo, including a fig-leaf covered replica of David and the famous Moses. To get the measurements for the

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Moses, Eaton's agents were allegedly required to bribe local officialdom to close down the church of St. Peter-in-Chains for a whole day while a plaster cast was made. The same Carrara marble employed by Michelangelo was used in the final sculpture of the replica.

Dr. Eaton is also credited with reducing headstones to small tablets, a current cemetery vogue, but at Forest Lawn those who choose to be buried in the ground have the option of such sylvan settings as the Court of Christius, the Gardens of Memory, and the Court of the Mystery of Life (see cut), to mention only a few. These gardens have become popular attractions among sightseers, too, possibly because the idea of a burial ground is rather well camouflaged among the greens and the marble. The Court of the Mystery of Life, for instance, is a glen perfumed with orange blossoms, and decorated with the lyrics to Victor Herbert's "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," carved in stone. The dominant centerpiece, however, is a large group including, according to a directory of Forest Lawn's displays, "The sweet girl graduate lost in dreams," "the atheist, the fool, who grinningly cares not at all," "the learned philosopher scratching his puzzled head in vain." A doorway leads to the Gardens of Memory, but it opens only to those who hold gold keys. Among those interred behind the locked doors is Earl Carroll. Babies are buried in two special plots, called Lullabyland and Babyland, both of which have heart-shaped gardens.

The Court of Christius is named for an eleven-foot marble statue of Christ which, according to a heroic tale, was on a Genoa dock awaiting shipment to Forest Lawn when the Nazis closed in on Italy. An enterprising Italian is supposed to have marked the crate with Goering's name in order to protect it from looters. When the danger had passed the statue was smuggled to North Africa, and finally sent on its way to the Court of Christius in Forest Lawn where now, surmounting a waterfall, it rests amid the tangerine trees, lulled by music filtering from loudspeakers hidden in the rushes.

Newest of the gardens is the Court of Freedom, which has been designed as a national shrine for liberty-loving people everywhere. To decorate it, the world's largest mosaic depicting the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, a copy of the Trumbull painting in the Capitol, is now under construction in Italy. Until it arrives Forest Lawn is making do with such sidelight memorials to liberty as a Daniel Chester French sculpture called "The Republic," a statue of George Washington by John Quincy Adams Ward, and a section of the Liberty Chain, a large set of links once stretched across the Hudson to protect West Point.

Like most attractions, Forest Lawn has both a museum and a curio shop. The essence of the museum's collection bears no relation to the primary *raison d'être* of Forest Lawn, and contains a miscellaneous assortment of sculptures by Remington, Borglum, French, and others, as well as statuary from Easter Island, Balinese carvings, Peruvian vases, and the world's most famous black opal, the 225.75 karat "Pride of Australia," which is shaped like the Continent of its origin.

THE Curio Shop sells dishes embossed with views of the park, a set of color slides, silver money clips with a bas-relief of the cemetery gates, reputedly larger than those which contain Buckingham Palace. There are also rings, bracelets, compacts, lipsticks, and a dinner bell all appliqued with pictures of the grounds and the statuary, a plastic walnut that opens to fold-out pictures—Forest Lawn in a nutshell—as well as crayon coloring books for children. There are no copies of Evelyn Waugh's devastating book, "The Loved One," which was all about Forest Lawn, on sale, and the press agent for the park who was allegedly conned into letting Mr. Waugh peer into Forest Lawn's innermost secrets was released from further employment after the book came out.

Both the Curio Shop and the museum, perched as they are atop Mount Forest Lawn, offer handy places to while away the time while waiting to get into the spectacle of the Crucifixion, by far the most momentous of all Forest Lawn's displays. Since the exhibit costs, according to the management, some $40,000 a year, a donation of twenty-five cents is asked of all visitors who frequently wait in an hour-long line to get in. What they see, after being seated in a theatre that is more wide than long, is the gradual unveiling of a 195-foot canvas showing a panorama of the moment just before the Crucifixion. Using a deep-throated announcer and intermittent singing of a choral group, a loudspeaker tells the story not only of the Crucifixion (an illuminated arrow points out the central characters and places as the tale unfolds), but of the painting's history. It was done by Jan Styka, a Pole, at the suggestion of Paderewski. It was brought to America in 1900, but when

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no suitable building was found for it, the canvas, woven by hand in Belgium, was returned to Poland and put in storage. Eaton got it in 1944. How it escaped both the Germans and Russians is not explained. The Hall, built to fit the painting, opened in 1951. With the Leonardo window, the Crucifixion is the second step in Eaton's plan for a sacred trilogy. The third, yet to come, is to be "Christ After the Resurrection."

The religious atmosphere of Forest Lawn and its pleasant vistas have moved over 45,000 people to choose the Little Church of the Flowers, one of the several places of worship on the grounds, as the ideal place to get married. The list contains several from the Hollywood colony. The Little Church of the Flowers is patterned after Stokes Poges in England, the churchyard of Gray's "Elegy." Another, the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, on its heather-planted hillside, is a reconstruction of Annie Laurie's church in Glencairn.

In Los Angeles, where funeral parlors and cemeteries advertise in the telephone directory, on billboards, and on benches planted at bus stops, Forest Lawn's catch-phrase is "Everything in one beautiful place." It is hardly an empty promise, for immediately inside the gates is a complex of half-timbered buiidings which house all the undertaking services as well as a flower store. The church and burial grounds are just over the hill, and across the street, as a sort of hedge, in case the burying business falls off, is a subsidiary organization known as the Forest Lawn Insurance Company. —HORACE SUTTON.

—H.S.

Michelangelo's David—"from the Italians a knighthood."

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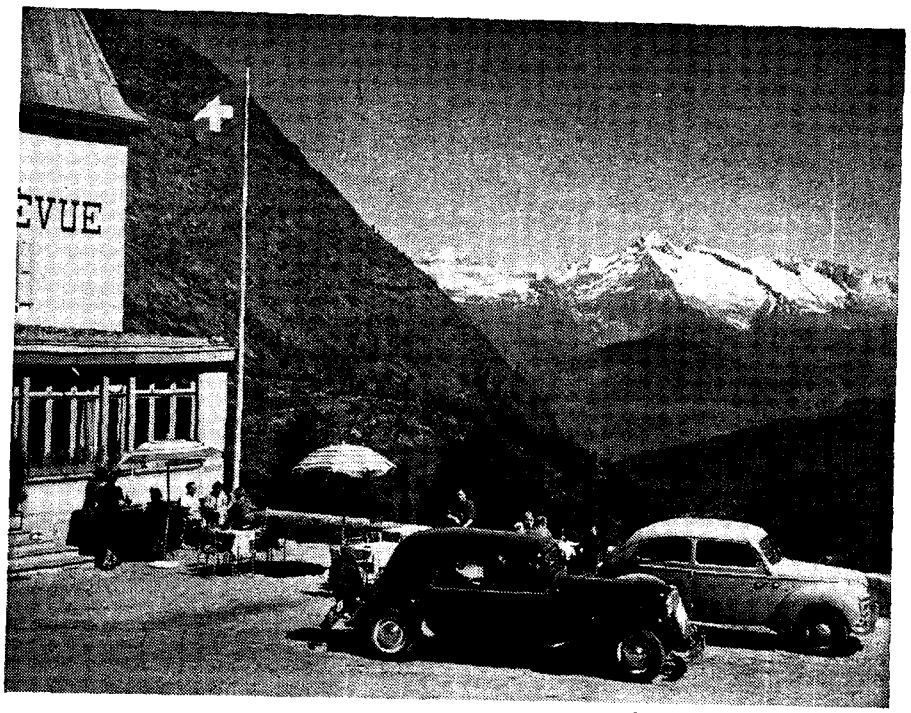

—Swiss National Tourist Office.

The Simplon-Passhöhe—"the sliding roof came in handy for taking pictures without stopping."

How to Hit the Chemin

By E. J. KAHN, JR.

EN ROUTE to France last summer, my wife and I and our three sons stood on a deck of the *Flandre* early one morning and watched a gang of Southampton stevedores try to extract from a deep hold an automobile that another touring American family had brought along. The paterfamilias—stupid, careless, clumsy oaf—had mislaid his keys, it seemed, the car was locked, and the car's emergency brake was on. We could hear a good deal of stormy talk about what to do with this rigid vehicle. Finally, while its owner groaned with dismay, the longshoremen decided not to swing it, like the other cars aboard, out onto the pier next to the ship. Instead, they deposited it on an upper deck, where, when I last saw it, it stood hemmed in on all sides by iron stanchions. It may be there yet.

The moral of that story, I smugly told my children, was that the head of a traveling family had to be a steady, responsible man who kept his wits about him, not to mention his car keys, and who was constantly on the alert to anticipate and forestall trouble. Well, then, asked my oldest son, how come I had left behind all our luggage keys and had had to get the ship's carpenter to break open the locks on our suitcases? I cuffed him sharply and, pointing to the car marooned on deck, told him to be grateful that, instead of taking our own car with us, we had rented one to use abroad.

We hired a 1957 Volkswagen Microbus. I am still not quite sure whom we hired it from, but the car had a delightfully international flavor to it. We got it, through a New York travel agent, from the Paris office of a Copenhagen car-rental firm that had registered the vehicle in Hamburg. The only person who was confused by this tangled chain of ownership, aside from me, was a Spanish customs guard at a Pyrenees border post. After studying a massive sheaf of documents that came with the car, he began, with evident suspicion, to thump the floor boards, obviously in search of contraband. In a way, I was flattered, for it is well known that most of the smuggling in that region is done by Basques, and it pleased me to be momentarily identified—if only in my own imagination—with that proud and daring race.

Contraband indeed! We had twenty-two pieces of luggage with us, and it was trouble enough attending to our legitimate paraphernalia without taking on a hot supercargo. (I know the number was twenty-two, because I thought it was twenty-one until we returned home. In New York, as soon as we had assembled twenty-one pieces, I got a Customs man to examine them, and then we left the pier. Several hours later the French Line advised me rather irritably that a large suitcase of mine was still kicking around the premises.) Fortunately, our car had a luggage rack above its sliding roof. A Microbus is a magnificently roomy vehicle, and we could fit all our gear into the back, where the engine is, but the luggage rack came in handy for drying things out. After a long drive on a hot day, we found that the clothing in the bags lying closest to the engine tended to resemble wet wash. The sliding roof (on those occasions when we were letting our garments soak) came in handy for taking pictures without stopping. You had to be careful, though, not to get your head caught—as my wife did one day while I was lurching along a twisting mountain road—between the bars of the luggage rack.

Our Microbus was delivered to us in the middle of the Place Vendôme, at five o'clock on a weekday afternoon. As I was being checked out on the controls, I was so preoccupied with the swirl of traffic around me that I only half listened to a lecture on its peculiarities that the delivery man gave me. I could see by the speedometer that it had already traveled forty thousand kilometers, which seemed like a lot for a car less than a year old, and I could also see that the dashboard had no fuel gauge. The delivery man said not to worry: that the car's fuel-consumption rate was so splendidly economical it would run practically forever on a tank full; and that besides there was a knob that could be pulled out when the engine sputtered, and that pulling out the knob would splash the contents of an auxiliary five-liter reserve tank into the fuel line. He also said something about a knob that controlled an air vent, but by that time I was circumnavigating the Arch of Triumph and was disinclined to take my eyes off my work. Anyway, I figured, there would surely be an explanatory brochure covering all this in the glove compartment. I figured wrong.

OUR second day out on the road, while my wife was at the wheel, driving through the city of Rennes, the car began to shake and sputter. She suggested that we might be running out of gas, but I pointed out that we had tanked up not long before, and that in any event we had a reserve supply. The simple fact, I

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snarled, was that she was incompetent to handle the car in city traffic. Dismissing her from her perch, I took over. I was so hot, possibly from yelling, that I pulled out what I thought was the air-vent knob, to cool me off. Nothing much happened to the air, but the accelerator responded dutifully to my demands on it, and I took this as a natural tribute to my male superiority and skill. Eager to get out into the country and to a picnic lunch I had promised the children, I roared away from Rennes. About five kilometers later, on a sun-baked, treeless stretch of road, the car coughed again. This time I tugged confidently at what I thought was the fuel-reserve knob, but all I got was a blast of fresh air, and that quickly subsided as we came to a halt.

An hour or so afterward, when I limped back from a service station with a couple of liters of gas, we were able, in somewhat strained silence, to resume our journey. At least I found out that day how to operate the air vent.

Once we got the hang of our Microbus, we grew enormously fond of it. It has three full-width seats, for one thing, and this can be a life-saver if you have three young boys in your party. You can assign each of them to a separate pew, and thus avoid all sorts of potentially nasty situations. By the time we got back to Paris, after driving some five thousand kilometers, the car was beginning to show signs of wear, as any comfortable and beloved piece of furniture will when used by an active household. When I returned the Microbus one morning to the rental agency, I remarked affectionately that I hoped our good old bus had earned a decent rest, or at any rate an overhaul. Oh, no, the car man said; a family of American tourists was departing for Nice in it that very afternoon. I hope they had a chance to learn about that fuel knob first.

—*Standard Oil Co. (N.J.).*

Sightseers vis-à-vis.

Milestone for Minnesota

By HEDY D. JELLINEK

"THE first vocal and instrumental concert was held. The first billiard table has arrived. Two hundred Swiss immigrants arrived last Wednesday. A bakery has been established; also a new shingle mill. Duluth boasts four pianos." These laconic and revealing communications were news items sent from the infant town of Duluth to the *Minnesotian—anno Domini* 1869, eleven years after Minnesota reached statehood. This year our thirty-second state is celebrating its 100th birthday, and a look at the 1958 centennial program gives ample proof of the fact that a lot has happened since those early days.

The numerous projects of the Minnesota Centennial Commission focus particular attention on the impressive cultural achievements of the North Star state. While interest in all the arts is wide-spread and lively, music, always important in these parts, leads the parade. Probably nowhere in the country are there as many excellent choirs as in Minnesota, many of which are supported by public-utility companies, banks, insurance companies, and department stores. The St. Olaf's College Choir is, of course, internationally known. But the best example of the state's cultural eminence is the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Founded in 1903, it has of late grown—under such conductors as Eugene Ormandy (1931-1936), Dimitri Mitropoulos (1936-1949), and currently Antal Dorati—into an institution of world renown. The recent State Department-sponsored tour to Greece, Yugoslavia, and the Middle East enhanced this world acclaim, while the support for the orchestra at home has never been more enthusiastic. In a stellar role at the centennial celebrations, the orchestra will open the festive season by furnishing the music for the Symphony Centennial Ball on April 26. Later in the season, at the Centennial Music Festival (see below), it will perform two symphonies commissioned especially for the occasion—one by Roger Sessions and one by the Norwegian composer Harald Saeverud—as well as a prize-winning composition by a Minnesota composer in a Centennial-sponsored contest.

The Statehood Centennial Commission has also commissioned an opera by ex-Minnesotan Mary Johnson—"The Thirteen Clocks"—based on the James Thurber story. This fairy-tale opera already had its world premiere early in March, when the Little Orchestra Society staged it at New York City's Hunter College to the delight of its youthful audience. Moreover, cash prizes will be awarded for outstanding compositions by Minnesotan composers in the symphonic, chamber music, and pop categories. Finally, in a wind-up scheduled for October 21 through November 2, the Twin Cities will play host to a music festival that will encompass choral, religious, folk, band, chamber music, and jazz.

For literature, too, Minnesota has been fertile ground. Sinclair Lewis and F. Scott Fitzgerald lead the ranks of distinguished men—and women—of letters who sprang from this sturdy Midwestern soil. The author of that classic of immigrant pioneer life, "Giants in the Earth," O. E. Rolvaag, Thomas Heggen, Kay Boyle, Martha Ostenso, Margaret Culkin Banning, Max Shulman, Norman Katkov, Feike Feikema are just a few names in a long list. Perhaps the main stimulus to literary activity in recent times has come from the campus of the University of Minnesota, whose English Department under the leadership of Joseph Warren Beach, himself a distinguished man of letters, has enrolled such writer-teachers as Eric Bentley and Robert Penn Warren.

For the terpsichoreans there will be folk-dancing festivals in Duluth (May 30-June 1) and in St. Paul (August 23) and plans are afoot for presentations by the Minneapolis Academy of the Dance and the Andahazy Ballet Borealis of St. Paul. The latter is America's largest classical ballet school, with an extensive and loyal following.

The visual arts—latest to flower in Minnesota—also come in for their share of attention. Three thousand dollars will be divided among winners in various fine arts contests; traveling exhibits of local art have been set up, and other special shows.

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LITERARY LANDMARKS, USA

NAULAKHA: Rudyard Kipling and his American-born wife Caroline built their Vermont home Naulakha with the royalties from the first "Jungle Book." They moved into the big grey frame house, "riding on its hillside like a boat on the flank of a far wave," in the fall of 1893. Here, in the next three years, Kipling completed the second "Jungle Book," "Captains Courageous," "The Seven Seas" (a collection of poems), and "The Day's Work" (a collection of short stories). The Kiplings' life there was not serene. Foolishly, they made no attempt to fit themselves into rural Vermont life. They plastered Naulakha with "No Trespass" signs. They maintained a private post-office and tried to get their own railroad station. They dressed nightly for dinner; their servants were English. A liveried footman drove them about the astonished countryside in a phaeton. Such high-handed disregard for the natives was all very well in Kipling's imperial India, but snubbing the countryside is no way to get along in Vermont. After ten years, in 1903, Kipling returned to England, moving most of his possessions as well. But on the fireplace in the book-lined study is an inscription carved there by his father: "The night cometh when no man can work." Kipling's desk is there, too, but the inscription he carved on it—"Oft was I weary as I toiled at thee"—was removed at Mrs. Kipling's orders.

PETE'S TAVERN: "It was while living in Irving Place that Porter became the O. Henry of fact and legend," writes Gerald Langford. The well-known short-story writer lived in the front parlor of a narrow brownstone house at 55 Irving Place, which survives today as the New Starlight Restaurant, with the Building and Allied Trades Council in what was once the basement; the building today is also headquarters for the New York Writer's Guild. But his memory is warmly and appropriately cherished across the street in one of his favorite hangouts, Healy's Saloon. This was the neighborhood bar he called The Club or Con's in "The Lost Blend" after Cornelius Delaney, the night bartender. It survives today, with virtually no changes in appearance after forty years, as Pete's. Over a booth which O. Henry is supposed to have preferred, just inside the front door, hangs a photograph and a letter in his own shaky hand. Framed originals of his stories as they first appeared in *The New York World* and elsewhere are also in evidence, together with photographs of such latter-day celebrities as Ernest Boyd, who also found the mahogany-and-mirrored atmosphere of Pete's both friendly and conducive to literary ruminations. And like the better-known P. J. Clarke's on Third Avenue, Pete's has not yielded its Victorian virtues to chrome-and-steel modernization.

TANGLEWOOD: Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter" after the election of General Zachary Taylor to the Presidency cost him his job at the Salem, Massachusetts, Customs House in 1848. His next, and favorite of his own novels, was "The House of the Seven Gables." Although a combination restaurant and museum of that name is on the list of every tourist today who visits Salem, Hawthorne wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Snow Image and Other Tales," and "The Wonder-Book" in eighteen months of 1850 and 1851 when he lived in a modest farmhouse a mile from the center of Lenox, Mass. The Hawthornes called their house Tanglewood, a name he appears to have coined for the "Tanglewood Tales." The little red house at the top of the pasture on the exterior looks exactly as it did in Hawthorne's day. Even the planting of flowers in the modest garden around the house follows Mrs. Hawthorne's own notes. The original house was destroyed by fire in 1891; the present structure was rebuilt at a cost of about $15,000 on the original foundations, from the author's descriptions and the original architect's plans, in 1948 by the American Federation of Music Clubs. Except for a parlor furnished in the period of the Hawthorne occupancy, no effort has been made to make it a literary museum.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S HOUSE: In 1943 Winston Churchill drove through Frederick, Md., where the principal tourist mecca is the reconstructed house of Barbara Frietchie. The British Prime Minister, who seems to know everything, hopped out of the car and recited John Greenleaf Whittier's famous poem from beginning to end, including of course the lines which every schoolboy knows: "Shoot if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country's flag, she said." A plaque on the modest story-and-a-half house on Carroll Creek replacing the original in which Dame Barbara actually lived (and which fell into the creek years ago), now commemorates W.C.'s visit, but the townspeople of Frederick are a little less certain that the glovemaker's widow actually waved the Union flag in defiance of Stonewall Jackson, or made the heroic speech which Whittier, whose travels never took him south of Philadelphia, described. The exact accuracy of the facts behind the poem, almost a century later, are scarcely more important than whether or not Hamlet actually lived at Elsinore, or Juliet in Verona. Barbara Frietchie belongs in the same category of folk heroines with Betsy Ross, whose Philadelphia home is open to the public as a museum there, despite the fact that few serious historians accept the legend that she created the first American flag. —NELSON LANSDALE.

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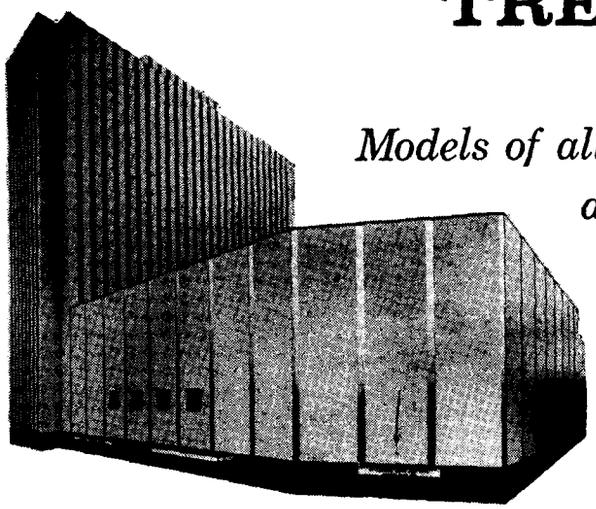

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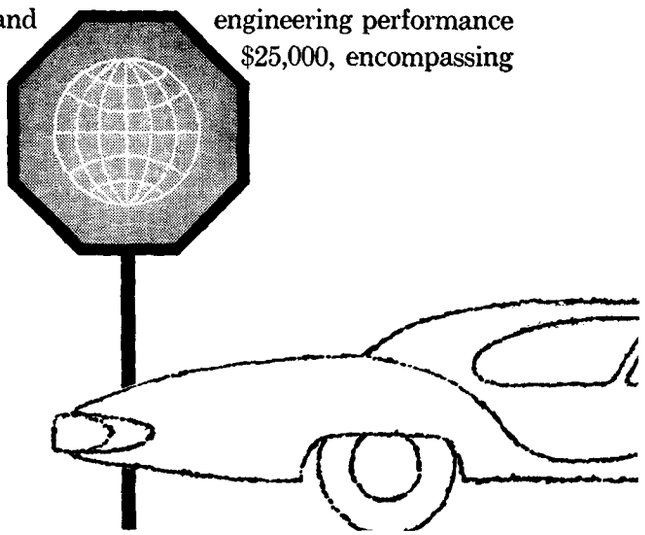

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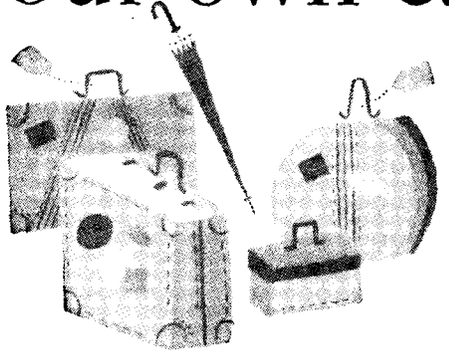

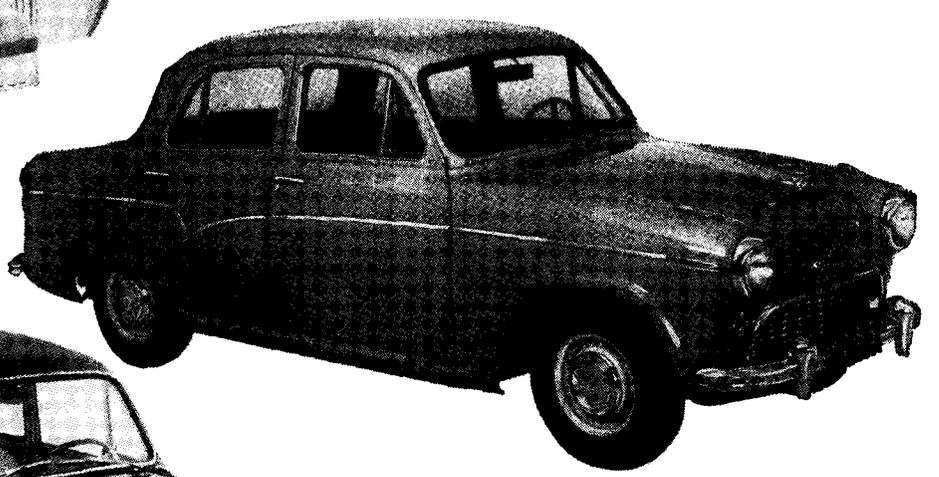

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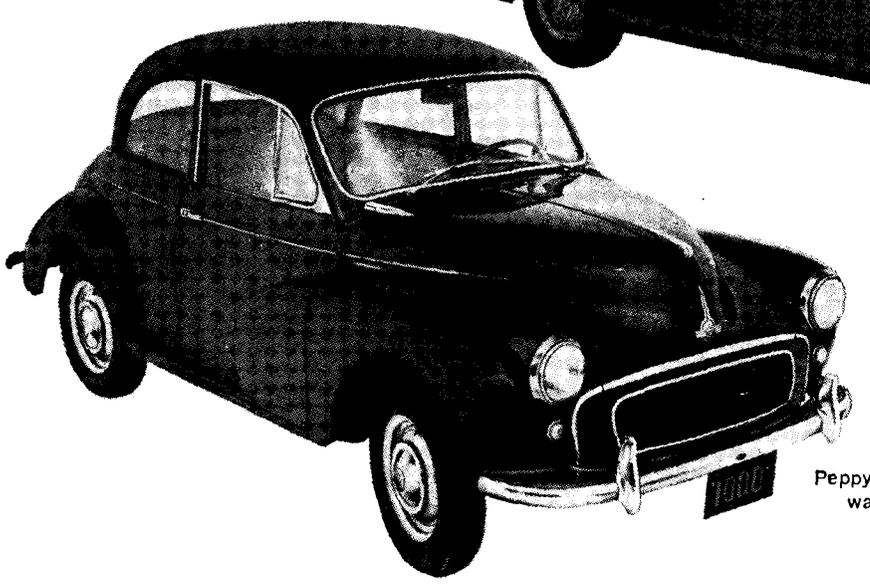

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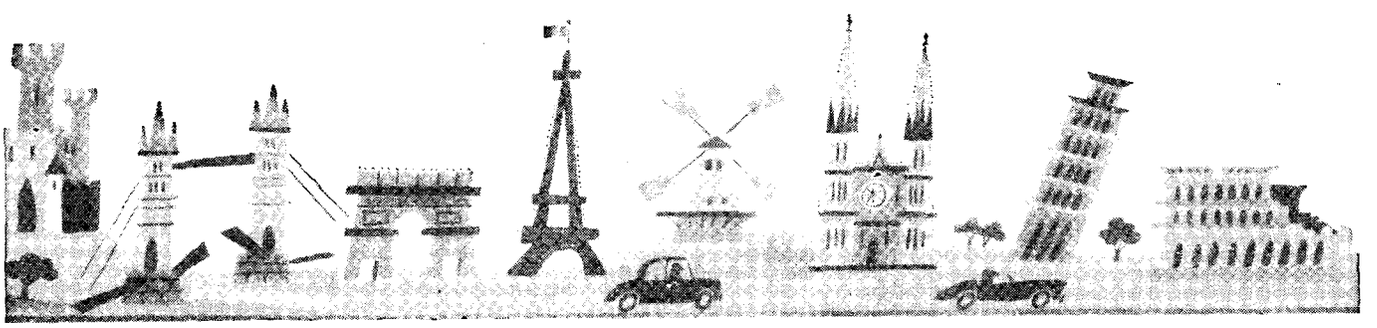

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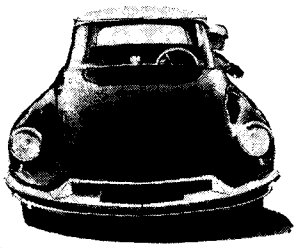

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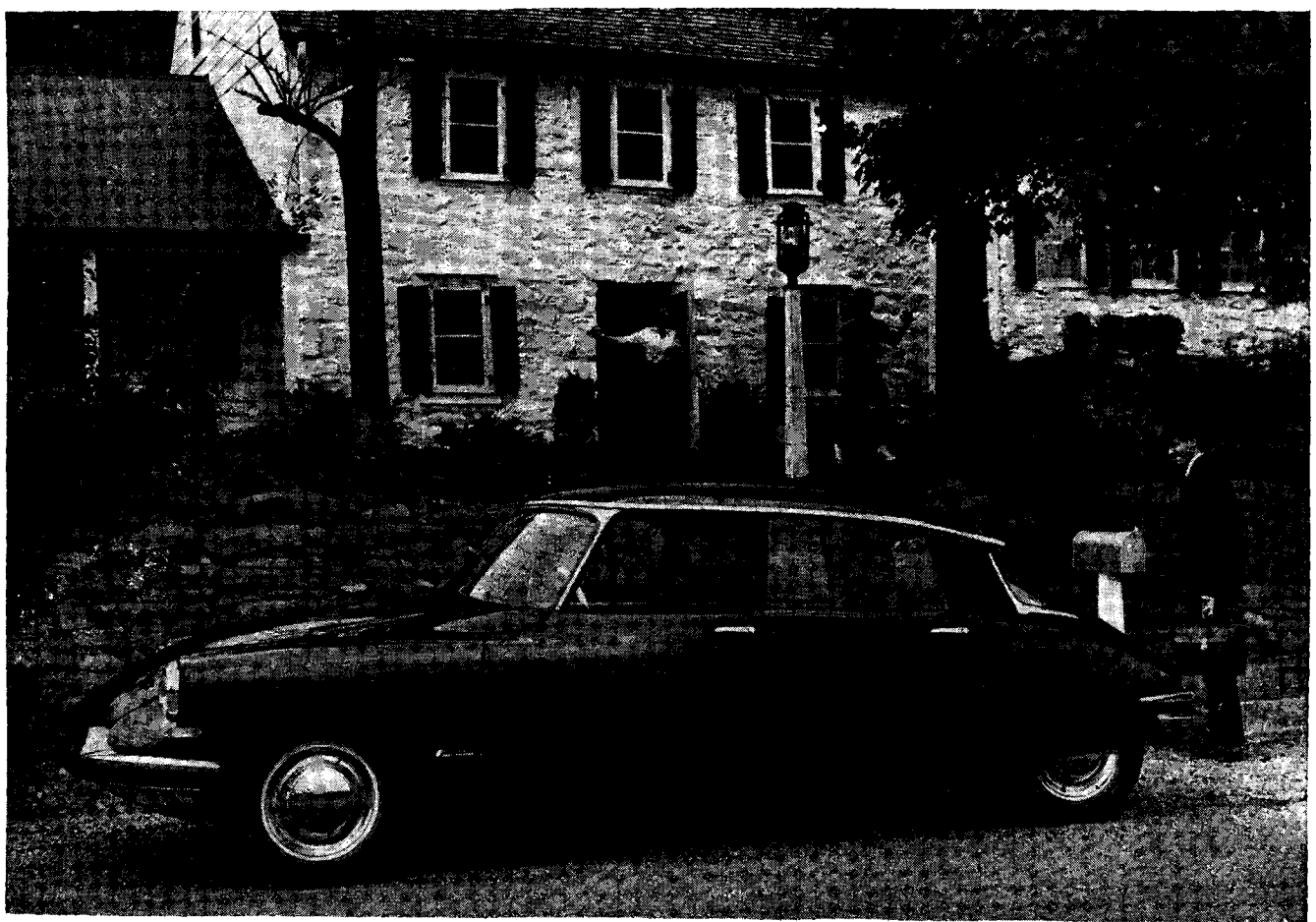

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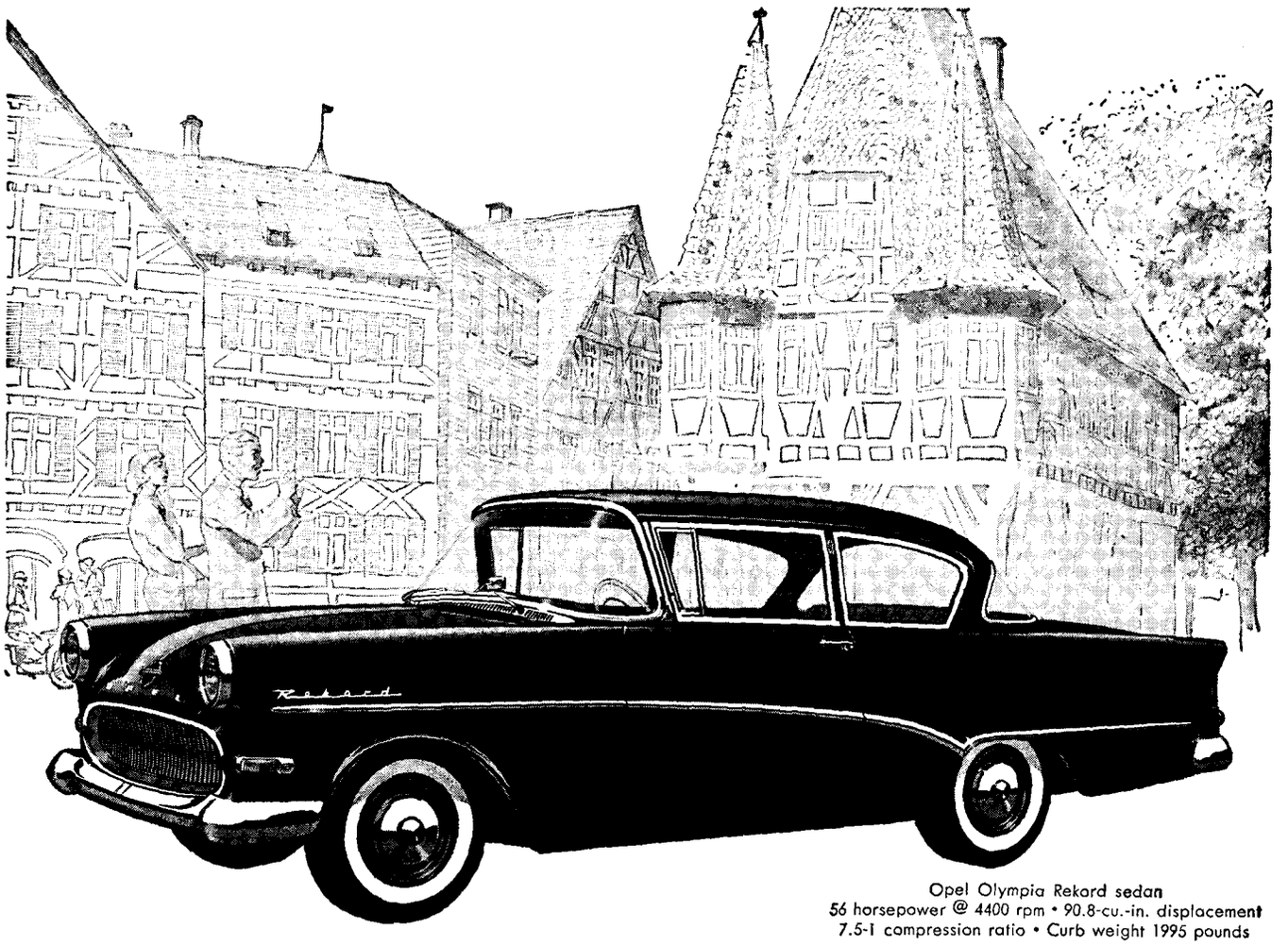

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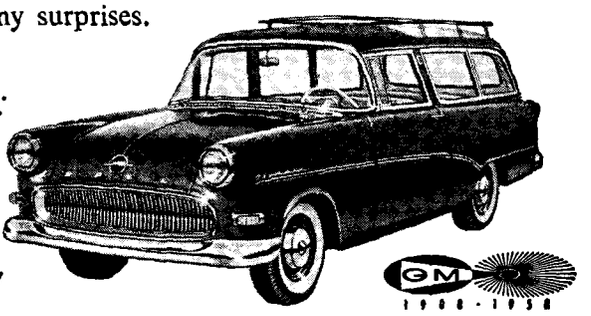

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TV AND RADIO

Groundrules for Inquisitors

I DID not share the glee of some of my critical colleagues at the spectacle of Mr. Randolph Churchill snarling imputations of bastardy at John Wingate. My staff of legal researchers has for a long time been looking without success for the Federal statute which compels people to submit to questioning on the air. Hy Gardner of *The New York Herald-Tribune* must have been on the same tack. With admirable sense he reported that Mr. Churchill had been rude on a program to which he had been invited, not subpoenaed.

There is a question of public policy involved in this matter which is far more significant than the question of taste but, as taste has been featured in most of the comment, it must be considered if only to get it out of the way. My position is that the only individual who is barred from objecting to questions, however rude, is the interviewer's guest. The guest has only two rights—to refuse to appear and to bar certain subjects in advance.

The second rule is not so simple. To say that public standards of decorum should govern these interviews is like saying that public standards of intelligence should govern broadcasting. We know perfectly well that some producers will go as far below the average as they can and that the attractiveness of their shoddy goods may lower public taste as a whole. But short of establishing a censorship of taste, we have to fall back on the interplay between vulgarity and criticism to establish a norm of public decency.

And this will lead to the question of policy. Every program on the air for any considerable time sets up an unwritten contract with the audience. It promises to deliver goods of a specific kind and quality and tone. Mr. Murrow's promises when he visits his Persons are not the same as those on "See it Now," and both these promises differ from those implicit in the Mike Wallace or John Wingate kind of interview.

This means that the public has the right to hold the program-makers to the strictest kind of account. Or, reversing the situation, the interviewer is bound by his contract with us to ask certain questions. If he doesn't, he is shortchanging us. Mr. Murrow had not only the right, but the positive duty to ask Mr. Truman whether he had actually pledged himself to support General Eisenhower for the Presidency—the duty in this case was to the future and we got the story because Mr. Truman released it earlier. By the same token, once Randolph Churchill appeared on the program Mr. Wingate was obligated to ask him about his sister. Mr. Churchill went on the program expecting it to be asked—and so the audience had the right to expect it, also.

It may be morally undesirable to put a public fool or a public enemy before the public, but once they are on the nature of the program dictates the questions. We run the risk of indecent exposure, but we do not run the risk of sapping the vitality of television as a medium of communication in deference to the standards of drawing-room conversation.

We are living in the handout stage of information. We see a man in public life refusing to go on a program unless he can approve all the questions he is to be asked. We have the uncomfortable spectacle of a man himself eminent in the business of getting news protected by his staff which sends out a list of questions to which he will give an interviewer answers.

These interview programs are not as important as those bringing public figures—elected officials and others whose work influences our lives—before us. For the most part they deal in "personalities," and the revelations they make have usually been published in the gossip columns. Their significance is actually inflated by the press when it can report an "incident." But they are among the very few programs not hedged in by sponsor-fear. I doubt whether Messrs. Wingate and Wallace have ever done any harm to their guests—most of whom are insulated against rudeness by their own false fronts, their publicity-created masks. Their programs may do a little harm to the public sense of decency—but if they do it is a small price to pay for keeping television-as-communicator from falling under the spell of the genteel tradition. —GILBERT SELDES.

Science on 16mm

NINETY DEGREES SOUTH (90 min.). Made in 1912, this is an exciting and full account of Scott's last Antarctic expedition, with an old-fashioned sound track of music and narration added in the 1930's by the photographer Herbert Ponting. It attains a sense of dignity and daring that few science exploration films have ever even attempted. Available for rental from Dartmouth College Films, Hanover, N. H.

LIFE OF THE MOLDS (27 min., color). At its best with remarkable microscopic time-lapse studies of mold and spore development, the film fails to hold together in the in-between shots of Yale University's David Bonner as speaker-narrator. Sponsored by Pfizer Laboratories, and credited to Jack Churchill, Robert Young, Willard Van Dyke, and Irving Jacoby, this production lacks the lively scientific spirit which characterizes Churchill's earlier "Seifriz on Protoplasm," although the technical material is more precise. Available for purchase from McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

A TRIP TO THE MOON (15 min., color). Not since Méliès and his 1902 science-fantasy has a trip to the moon been made on film in so original and exciting a way. Using filmed material of the lunar landscape, it successfully maintains the illusion of a space flight over that half of the moon which has been studied and photographed. Available for rental and purchase from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1150 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Illinois.

THE HUMAN CELL AND THE CYTO-TECHNOLOGIST (22½ min., color). Despite its forbidding title, this is a warm and inviting documentary-story about a day's work for a young woman employed as a hospital laboratory technician in cancer research. Aside from its specific vocational recruitment purpose, the film is excellent also as an incentive to scientific work in general. Produced by Churchill-Wexler; available for free loan to educational groups and for purchase from the National Committee for Careers in Medical Technology, 1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

ENERGETICALLY YOURS (13 min., color). The history of man's power sources from muscle to atom is already a familiar subject on film, but this one has the distinction of being a sprightly animated cartoon based on drawings by Ronald Searle, with some extravagant color effects and unusual touches of humor. Available for free loan from the sponsor, Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. —CECILE STARR.

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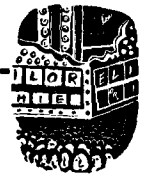


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bug-Eye in the South Pacific

THE Todd-AO system has never looked better than it does in the current **"South Pacific,"** and while I'm not sure it's the be-all and end-all of projection systems, it's good enough to last for a long while, and to give the motion-picture industry something tangible with which to drag the public out of its living rooms. Rodgers and Hammerstein's long-run musical epic about war and tropical paradise is probably not the best subject for exploring the resources of American Optical Company's "bug-eye" lens. By now, so much reverence has accrued to the play, it has established itself so firmly as a hit of the highest order, that the spontaneity and fresh imagination required to convert play to film is hard to come by. The tendency here, as in the filming of "Oklahoma!" (also in Todd-AO), was to deviate as little as possible. With the score of the show so utterly familiar the film is not so much a fresh experience as a kind of embalming of an old one.

Fresh air is not healthy for these Rodgers and Hammerstein enterprises. They depend a little too much on the conventions of the theatre. Everyone concerned, including Joshua Logan, the director of the film, and Leon Shamroy, the photographer, seems to have realized that some mood of fantasy had to be inculcated into the vast, sunlit expanses caught by the big lens. Thus, there are at times stunning uses of filters, haze, colored smoke, or whatever, to make evening out of daylight while Emile de Becque sings "Some Enchanted Evening" to Nellie Forbush, to make Bali Ha'i to look dream-like as Bloody Mary sings of its wonders. All this is to the good in demonstrating the potentialities of Todd-AO. But so far as the story is concerned the filters begin to seem tricky and obvious.

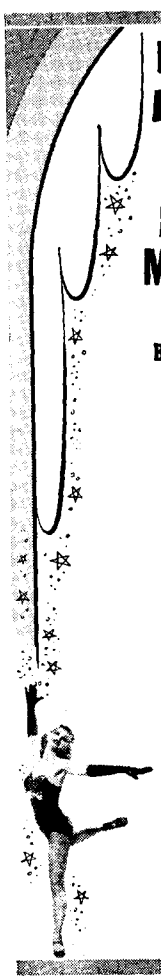
In fact, "South Pacific" on the screen often seems long-winded and surprisingly unexciting. Those shots of islands and blue sky and water are superbly real. Against these backgrounds the characters of Nellie Forbush, Emile de Becque, and Bloody Mary seem a little fake. Their problems don't touch one to much of a degree. And it may be, too, that "South Pacific" is already a little out of date. After all, it was nine years ago that it opened. Perhaps Nellie Forbush, in that long ago time, played by the capable Mary Martin, seemed more sympathetic. Now one notices that she's perfectly willing to forgive de Becque for having killed a man, but has to go through a terrible soul struggle before she can forgive him for having married a Polynesian. Whether she comes from Little Rock or no, this kind of behavior seems infantile.

Also, although played with skill and professionalism by Mitzi Gaynor, she doesn't seem that much of a bargain for de Becque. He's a cultured, rich Frenchman, handsome, owner of an island paradise. Yet he has to risk death a hundred times before he can prove himself worthy of Miss Forbush. She's not supposed to be beautiful, she's not supposed to be rich, or even very intelligent. I suspect she's supposed to be worth it because she's American. It may be a little unpatriotic of me to so question the basic tenets of "South Pacific," but I'm afraid it's the bug-eye lens that causes these speculations. It's almost frighteningly all-seeing, and while it's a wonderful invention, maybe its danger is that it tends to boomerang.

Joshua Logan's direction of all this is certainly careful, but the movie comes to life, oddly enough, when it gets farther away from the original material. Screen excitement is suddenly generated when Luther Billis is down in the Pacific and a yellow raft is tossed to him from a plane. Shots alternate between Billis looking upward and the rubber raft coming downward, until it at last lands smack on him. Ray Walston, as Billis, turns in a lively performance, but Rossano Brazzi is bloodless (and perhaps not old enough!) as de Becque, and John Kerr lackluster as Lieutenant Cable. Juanita Hall repeats her performance as Bloody Mary, and is good, if not triumphant.

The score is, of course, the movie's shining feature. Too bad it's all so familiar, but it's still nice, and a couple of songs eliminated from the stage piece have been put back in. Brazzi's voice is dubbed in, but Mitzi Gaynor's is her own, and it's pleasant to hear. But the problem will still have to be faced someday: are these elaborate stage musicals proper subjects for our big screens, with their fantastically clear photography? Or must they first be radically altered? For big screen or small, some emotion must be generated, and "South Pacific" has almost none at all.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



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Stars, Stripes, and Shamrocks

"The Coming of the Green," by Leonard Patrick O'Connor Wibberly *(Holt. 184 pp. $3.50), recollects some of the more adventurous chapters in the history of the Irish in the United States. Our reviewer, Oscar Handlin, is the author of "Boston's Immigrants."*

By Oscar Handlin

"THE COMING OF THE GREEN" contains a series of retrospective impressions of the Irish experience in the New World. The book is not formal history, in the sense of a work with a beginning and an end and with a careful analysis of cause and effect based upon verified data. We have here, rather, a succession of stories, such as an old man might remember by the fireside for his great-grandchildren. There are facts in the telling, but also myth; and all is clothed in the haze of memory. Taken as such, the volume can be read with interest.

Most of the book deals with incidents from the middle of the nineteenth century. The forty years from 1840 to 1880 saw the peak of Irish immigration to America. This was, moreover, the period of first settlement when patterns were established that would endure on to the present. Mr. Wibberly passes quickly over the causes and the process of migration. He gives some space to the difficulties peasants encountered in their adjustment to the new society. But his attention is largely devoted to three dramatic occurrences in these decades.

Leonard Wibberly—". . . facts [and] myth."

The first is the story of Irish participation in the Civil War. This conflict summoned up greater resources of manpower than any earlier American war; and the immigrants played an important part in filling the ranks of the Federal army. Like other groups, the Irish enlisted for a variety of motives; they volunteered or were drafted out of patriotism, love of adventure, or desire for the cash bountied. They served, generally dutifully and often gallantly, as privates and as officers. However, one exceptional factor complicated their role. They had been Democrats, opposed to the abolition movement and hostile to Lincoln at his election. They therefore faced a problem of loyalty, as the draft riots in New York and other cities showed in 1863. Yet, in the last analysis, they did their share unhesitatingly—and not only as individuals but whole groups of them as Irishmen in Irish regiments.

While in the army some of them dreamed of the possibility that they might one day use their military experience against England in the cause of Irish freedom. After the peace these dreams led thousands of Irish-Americans into the Fenian crusade. They proclaimed Ireland a republic and launched a number of pathetic invasions of Canada. However ingloriously these efforts ended, they were significant steps in the acquisition of independence for the Emerald Isle.

In domestic affairs, too, the Irish made false starts. The story of the violence in the Pennsylvania coal fields and of the attempt by the Molly Maguires to protect the Irish miners supplies Mr. Wibberly with the third of his themes. The secret order was destroyed by spies and by its own illegality. But the underlying need was later satisfied by the Knights of Labor and by John Mitchell's United Mine Workers.

One could wish that Mr. Wibberly had done more to make a whole of his stories. There are serious omissions, distortions in emphasis, and unbalanced interpretations. But this is the kind of book he wanted to write; and it ought to be enjoyed for what it is. Nevertheless there is still a need for a full historical account of the place of the Irish immigrants in American life.

—*Paul Tanqueray.*

John O'Donoghue—". . . real information."

Terror at Kerry

"In a Quiet Land," by John O'Donoghue *(Coward-McCann. 208 pp. $3.50), is a Kerryman's reminiscences about the people and the countryside of his beloved Ireland. Frank O'Connor, who reviews it, is the Irish-born writer of many short stories and books about the Emerald Isle.*

By Frank O'Connor

I ONCE wrote in a story that a Kerryman is the only human being who can at the same time fix you with his eye and whisper in your ear. I even wrote in another story that Kerrymen were all under the impression that language was invented with the one main object of concealing thought. Yet, thanks to the influence of a talented literary woman from London, Mrs. Llewelyn Davies, a considerable part of the population of Kerry was at one time writing autobiographies. Maurice O'Sullivan's "Twenty Years Agrowing" became a best-seller, and there were the autobiographies of Old Tom Criven and Peg Sayers. All I was able to say of any of them was that the author had brilliantly succeeded in keeping his mind to himself. Which, by the way, is a saying very popular in Kerry—"Keep your mind to yourself like the bonaveen"—though what the bonaveen (the little pig) had to conceal is a matter about which most Kerrymen clam up.

"Twenty Years Agrowing" was preceded by a twenty-one-gun salute from Mr. Sean O'Faolain, and was translated by Mrs. Davies, and, by the

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Hokey, "In a Quiet Land" has an introduction by Mr. O'Faolain and a dedication to Mrs. Davies, "who taught me what I know." Coming though I do from the neighboring county where people are simple-minded to the point of imbecility, I can't help feeling a little doubtful about that. When Mr. O'Faolain writes in his introduction, "The eye is unspoiled, it is clear; the heart has not been affected by second-hand experiences," I give a long, loud, lonesome groan, and when he adds that "it is ingenuousness" I stagger towards my typewriter. For "ingenuousness" is the one quality that Mr. O'Donoghue really lacks. I remember that when I heard the author of "Twenty Years Agrowing" was engaged on a novel called "Madagascar" I was delighted because it meant he was probably a writer after all. To write a novel about Madagascar when you haven't been outside Ireland requires ingenuousness, and ingenuousness is a quality in every born writer, above all in those who write autobiographies. Successful relations and hostile neighbors usually describe it as insanity. Mr. O'Donoghue has little or no ingenuousness. He is a very skilful literary artist who handles the formula of simplicity more sympathetically than it is handled in "Twenty Years Agrowing," but it is still a literary formula.

THAT, of course, does not mean that it is not a pleasant and readable book. If you happen to be interested in the fairies—not the Walt Disney ones, but the real-life fairies who terrorized the people of Kerry till the Kerrymen took to automobiles and terrorized the fairies out of existence, you can find real information in Mr. O'Donoghue's pages. If you are of Irish extraction and would like to know how your ancestors managed to be good and charming and happy in their lice-infested huts, he will tell you. But if you are in the least interested in what Mr. O'Donoghue is like I suggest you confine yourself to the information on the wrapper. He strikes me as a very interesting man, and if "Brian O'Shannisey's" experiments in making musical instruments out of old tin cans, reeds, and sheepskins is correct he would seem to be a remarkable one as well. One day, when he forgets what he has learned from Mrs. Davies he will write an autobiography in which, instead of touching Mr. O'Faolain's heart by describing how the lid of a coffin has to be put to the left of the door and the coffin itself to the right, he will touch mine by describing how he hated the life about him and how he finally managed to escape from it, for that is how really ingenuous people write.

Top Spy on our Side

"The Counterfeit Traitor," by Alexander Klein *(Holt. 301 pp. $3.95), is about an American-born Swede who was an American Intelligence agent during World War II.*

By John Barkham

IN recent years we have read so much about German espionage triumphs in World War II as to set us wondering when we would hear about some of our own feats in this field. After all, we did win the war. Alexander Klein has righted the balance with his new book, which apparently owes its being to a small news item which appeared in *The New York Times* after the war ended and was overlooked in the general excitement. The story briefly credited one Eric Erickson, a Swede, with having furnished the Allies with the information which helped them destroy most of Germany's oil refineries, thus materially hastening victory. Years later Mr. Klein came across the item and was sufficiently intrigued by it to investigate further. The outcome is "The Counterfeit Traitor" a true story of espionage as suspenseful as any fiction thriller.

The Eric Erickson mentioned in the news story turned out to be an American-born Swede who won his baseball letter at Cornell and learned the oil business in Texas. Back in Sweden before the war, he adopted Swedish nationality and set up his own oil importing firm. At this point, on the eve of hostilities, he met the American Ambassador, Laurence Steinhardt, who persuaded him to become a secret agent for the United States.

As the story now unfolds, it has all the elements of a top-drawer cliff-hanger. Erickson's secret was known only to one or two persons: the rest regarded him as a pro-Nazi Swede who did business with the Germans on his periodical visits to their country. But Erickson was also carefully noting the location of oil refineries and storage dumps, priceless facts which he passed on to his American contacts every time he returned to Stockholm.

Of course, there was peril in this course, and Mr. Klein misses no chance to dramatize the risks taken by his counterspy. Fleshing out the story with dialogue and color, he leaves the essential facts intact in what turns out to be one of the most hazardous acts of patriotism undertaken by anyone on the Allied side.

UNDER A RED HAT: Until the outbreak of war in 1939, Mathilde Carré—in time known only too well as "The Cat" to British and German Secret Services and to the French Resistance—led a totally uneventful life. But hostilities ignited strange powers in this small, feline woman whose story is excitingly told in **"The Cat with Two Faces,"** by Gordon Young (Coward-McCann, $3.50). With Paris under German rule she donned a stylish fur coat and a perky, conspicuous red hat. Thus attired she began organizing a countrywide spy network called "Inter-Allied." Soon accurate, priceless messages signed "The Cat" were sent to London nightly from a secret Paris transmitter. But those involved in Inter-Allied were at best inspired amateurs, and inevitably the German Abwehr moved in, arresting Mathilde. Had her story ended there, The Cat might have remained one of the luckiest and most remarkable spies of all time.

But with her the urge to spy was not a matter of patriotism, but rather a desire to dramatize herself. Now, calmly, calculatedly, and seemingly with relish, she began informing on her co-conspirators in Inter-Allied. While doing this she resided luxuriously at Abwehr quarters and shared the bed of the German who had arrested her. Next a British agent named Lucas contacted her. It was some time before he recognized her German sponsorship, for, as The Cat she was now sending false information to London. But when Lucas unmasked her, The Cat offered to work for *him*, and soon with the full cooperation of the Abwehr, Gestapo, and German Army (to make one of the ironic escape stories of all time) she accompanied Lucas to London. There the British attempted to use her, but gave up in despair, for no one ever knew what side The Cat was truly serving. After several years in prison she was finally released. When she disappeared from sight, The Cat was still cold, inscrutable, and impersonally self-sufficient. Hers is far and away the best popular spy story since "Operation Cicero."

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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Music

Continued from page 19

this kind can. Berlioz never spoke more truly than when he wrote: "Oh! it is frightful to be obliged to acknowledge with a pitiless conviction, that what I find beautiful may constitute *beauty* for me, but that it may not do so for my best friend; that he, whose sympathy generally corresponds with my own, may be affected in a totally different way; and that even the work which affords me a transport of pleasure—which excites me to the utmost, and which moves me to tears, may leave him cold; and may even cause him displeasure and annoyance."

I foresee an animated life for "The Composer as Listener." It can serve as a pungent aperitif to the intellect or a tonic for the inundated spirit.

The Church and Music

"Vivaldi, Genius of the Baroque," by Marc Pincherle *(Norton. 278 pp. $4.95), and* ***"Thomas Tomkins: 1572-1656," by Denis Stevens*** *(St. Martin's Press. 214 pp. $6), contribute to the understanding of two composers, a popular Venetian contemporary of Bach, and a seventeenth-century Englishman remembered chiefly for his anthems. Reviewer Michael Steinberg is a musicologist at Hunter College.*

By Michael Steinberg

WHO, ten years ago, would have foreseen the need for a "popular" book on Vivaldi? Then, the public hardly saw beyond the horizons defined by the three B's and a few other masters duly certified as important; indeed, concert programs, record catalogues, nonspecialized reading matter offered no means of inferring the importance, interest, and beauty of the music of Don Antonio Vivaldi. Yet now, mostly because of the long-playing record, there must be many persons who in a decade have heard more Vivaldi than all but a handful of his Venetian contemporaries, and certainly far more than anyone during the centuries that have elapsed since the asthmatic little red-headed priest wrote his four dozen operas, seventy-five sonatas, 454 concerti, and other works for church and chamber.

Vivaldi, a slightly older contemporary of Bach's, devoted most of his musical life to his native city, Venice, perhaps as music-mad a community as Europe ever knew. He wrote busily for three of the city's dozen opera houses, but theatres as far away as Rome and Vienna competed for his work. His main employment was at the Ospedale della Pietà, a combination of orphan asylum and conservatory where for forty years he tended the all-girl student orchestra which must have been responsible for hundreds of Vivaldi premieres. When these occasions took place in the convent church, the applause-happy Italians, not to be frustrated by the interdict against hand-clapping on holy premises, would unleash salvos of nose-blowing, coughing, and foot-shuffling, to mark their approval of the musical baptism that had just taken place. Occupied with a thousand duties at the school, plagued by ill health which only a few years after his ordination made it impossible for him to celebrate mass, Vivaldi nonetheless managed to maintain his position as the foremost violin virtuoso of his day, and to compose enormous quantities of music. Even toward the end of his life he was forgotten (like Mozart he lies in an unmarked grave in Vienna), his name disappeared from most of the history books, and it was not until the Bach renaissance and the discovery of the Bach transcriptions of Vivaldi that this most fanciful and original master enters the picture again.

In recent years few have done more than Marc Pincherle to help Vivaldi to his rightful place. The French musicologist is the author of the standard work on Vivaldi, not, of course, the little book under consideration here, but the imposing "*Antonio Vivaldi et la musique instrumentale*" whose second volume contains a thematic catalogue so dependable and so useful that "P numbers" are beginning to be for Vivaldi what "K numbers" are for Mozart:

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIRTH, DEATHS, PLACES

Below are the terminal dates of twenty American writers, together with the names of the places in which they were born and in which they died. You are invited to assign this data correctly to the authors as listed in Column Two. Answers on page 40.

1. Bloomington, Ind., 1914; Bloomington, Ind., 1948.	( )	John Kendrick Bangs
2. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1889; Coolmaine, Ireland, 1928.	( )	Ambrose Bierce
3. Brownsville, Tenn., 1900; mid-Pacific, 1939.	( )	Winston Churchill
4. Chicago, Ill., 1870; San Francisco, Cal., 1902.	( )	Irvin S. Cobb
5. Colfax, Iowa, 1887; Papeete, Tahiti, 1951.	( )	Donn Byrne
6. Little Rock, Ark., 1886; Little Rock, Ark., 1950.	( )	F. Scott Fitzgerald
7. Lynchburg, Va., 1886; Richmond, Va., 1953.	( )	John Gould Fletcher
8. Macon, Miss., 1889; Brookline, Mass., 1953.	( )	Douglas Southall Freeman
9. Meigs County, Ohio, 1842; probably Mexico, 1914.	( )	Hamlin Garland
10. New Brunswick, N. J., 1886; Seringes, France, 1918.	( )	Ellen Glasgow
11. N. Y. City, 1888; Belloy-en-Santerre, France, 1916.	( )	James Norman Hall
12. Paducah, Ky., 1876; New York City, 1944.	( )	Richard Halliburton
13. Richmond, Va., 1886; Richmond, Va., 1945.	( )	Joyce Kilmer
14. St. Louis, Mo., 1871; Winter Park, Fla., 1947.	( )	Sinclair Lewis
15. St. Paul, Minn., 1896; Hollywood, Cal., 1940.	( )	Ross Lockridge, Jr.
16. Sauk Center, Minn., 1885; Rome, Italy, 1951.	( )	Don Marquis
17. Walnut, Ind., 1878; Forest Hills, N. Y., 1937.	( )	Frank Norris
18. Washington, D.C., 1896; St. Augustine, Fla., 1953.	( )	Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
19. West Salem, Wis., 1860; Los Angeles, Cal., 1940.	( )	Alan Seeger
20. Yonkers, N. Y., 1862; Yonkers, N. Y., 1922.	( )	Ben Ames Williams

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Mr. Pincherle not only knows all about Vivaldi, he also writes attractively, and the contact with his lively mind is most pleasant. The account of the instrumental music is particularly admirable, and the vivid clarity of the writing is constantly enhanced by the plentiful illustrations in music type.

Vivaldi's contributions to the theatre are even now not well known. Pincherle assures us of Vivaldi's mastery in this field, and it is certain that in his day Vivaldi was highly successful in a business as hotly competitive as the Broadway musical market is now. We do, however, have to take all this on the author's say-so, for his chapter on the vocal music including that for the church is regrettably brief and lacks the plentiful documentation that makes his essay on the concerti such absorbing reading. Nonetheless, Pincherle's is a most interesting book, well worth any music-lover's acquaintance.

Thomas Tomkins is still a subject of more esoteric interest. Standing at the end of a period which for England was unparalleled in its concentration of musical talent, Tomkins is less well remembered than his contemporaries Byrd, Gibbons, Weelkes, and Wilbye because he was less great than they, but he does not deserve his present neglect. Occasionally a madrigal of his is sung, and some of the better church choirs keep a few of his anthems in their repertory. He has not been much studied, and this monograph by Professor Stevens is the first about him. All the available information about Tomkins is here, and even though the book contains the customary scholarly apparatus, it will interest many a general reader, particularly for its account of a musician's life in Jacobean, Caroline, and Commonwealth England. For Tomkins the organ loft of Worcester Cathedral was no ivory tower, and he was thoroughly aware as citizen and artist.

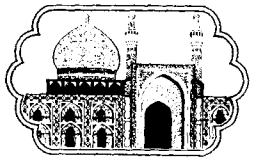
The book's only serious weakness is actually a by-product of the author's conscientiousness, for Mr. Stevens has tried to find something to say about every one of Tomkins's compositions. Sometimes there just is not much to say, and since the author generally confines himself to a simple description that is not in any way analytical, the results are redundant to the reader with access to the music and rather tedious to others. Since the book was printed, Stevens has made two records devoted to Tomkins, and they speak even more eloquently for this fine composer. But whether your road leads from the book to the records or the other way around, the journey is a profitable one.

The Criminal Record

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE UNREPENTANT *Conrad Phillips* (Roy: $2.75)	English trio loots racetrack till; Yard puts nice police-woman on trail of ring-leader; Paris jaunt is included.	Self-pitying protagonist is sententious type; yarn has case-history overtones; cops are numerous and active; pace good.	Holds up.
DEATH AGAINST THE CLOCK *Anthony Gilbert* (Random: $2.95)	Arthur Crook, English lawyer eye, looks into death of spinster which cops have pinned on sub-privileged youth.	Suspect's gal friend gets machinery turning; conversation prevalent as hero questions numerous villagers.	So-so.
THE WIZARD OF BERKELEY *Eugene B. Block* (Coward-McCann: $3.75)	Biography, with case histories, of Edward Oscar Heimrich (1881-1953), West Coast investigator who solved tough ones in crime lab.	Well-handled throughout, with good narrative drive; some "little did they" writing, pines are sentinels, etc.; holds interest.	Nice job.
SINGING IN THE SHROUDS *Ngaio Marsh* (Little, Brown: $3.50)	Supt. Alleyn of Yard (speaks Latin) sails from London to Cape Town to tag killer among ten passengers.	Obdurate and bibulous skipper a problem; expected high-grade characterization, handling.	She's on the beam again.
TAKE A MURDER, DARLING *Richard S. Prather* (Gold Medal: 25¢)	Shell Scott, So. Cal. eye, tackles hoods muscling in on beauty-treatment chain; corpses abound; regular cops genial.	Guns explode, but many shots miss; yarn is lively, sprightly, well-gagged (but who picks up check?).	Wild and womany.
INTO THIN AIR *Harry Carmichael* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Movie star (female) vanishes from London hotel; insurance searcher, reporter, cops look about, produce results.	Housekeeper's death lends heels to lively chase; time factor important; missing fan magazines essential clue.	Quality job.
WILD TOWN *Jim Thompson* (Signet: 25¢)	Ex-con takes house-dick post in Texas oil country; is on spot as dough vanishes and corpse supervenes.	Three women carry heavy load; tempers lost all over; rough language employed; characters subcredible.	Wild yarn.
THE LAST GAMBLE *Harold Q. Masur* (S&S: $2.95)	N.Y. comedy star, quick with dukes, slugs too hard; Atty. Scott Jordan pulls wires, but two die anyway.	Involvements require quick trips to Illinois, Wisconsin; personnel panel also spreads; love finds a way.	Reticulated.
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO KATE *Genevieve Holden* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Prim librarian in Southern city, present at killing, lams; good cops take it from there.	Hearing aid figures neatly; bossy aunt a temporary problem; love conquers all.	Easy to take.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Sacheverell Sitwell



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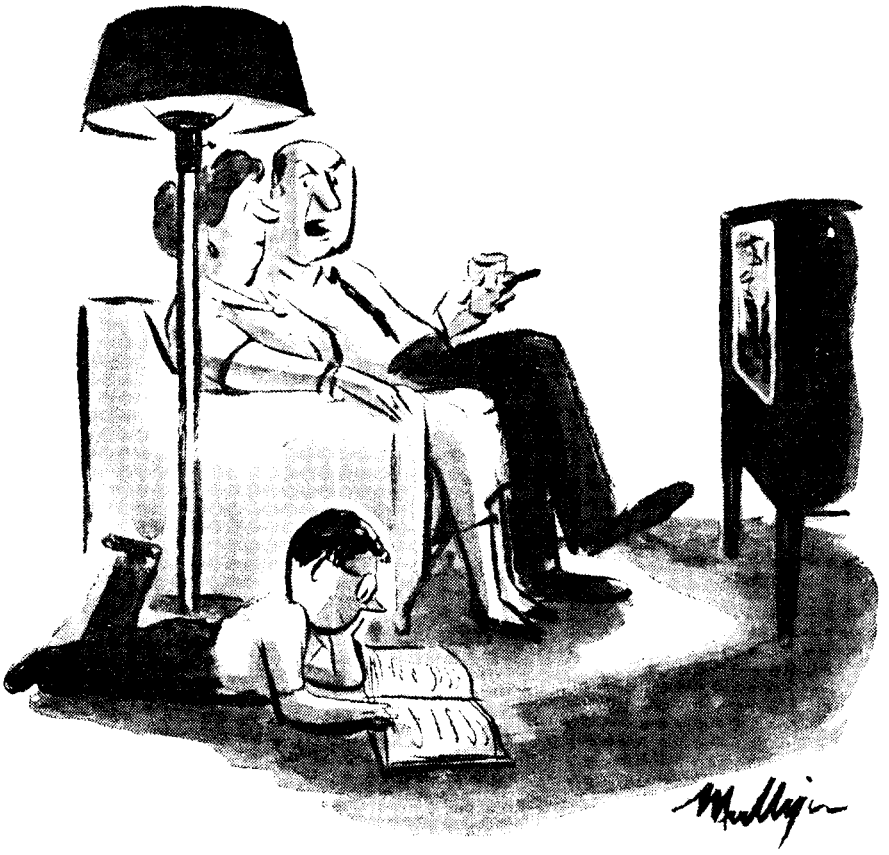
Fiction

Continued from page 18

People's Liberal, he begins to erupt. For, in addition to everything else, the sign is in memory of Mackerel's recently deceased wife, Ida May. Although in the sanctuary of the home Ida May was waspish and malicious, in Avalon she was known and hailed as "the Jane Addams of the East." Ultimately, a giant shopping center (Mackerel Plaza) is planned by the citizenry as a memorial to her. Not only is the whole idea of the Plaza an anathema to myth-breaker Mackeral, but it poses an additional problem, for he has been secretly courting a young woman named Molly Calico, whom he wants to marry. But how can he possibly take a second wife when he is forced to spend all his time commemorating the first? The answer and its subsequent effect on Mackerel's domestic ambitions and spiritual theories are, of course, the substance of Mr. De Vries's ironically inverted and genuinely hilarious farce. Like its predecessor, "The Tunnel of Love" (which also took place in Avalon), "The Mackerel Plaza" makes a great deal of the antics of the predatory male, but it also, happily, makes some other noises too. For in the trumped-up ordeal of the Reverend Andrew Mackerel, novelist De Vries has written a meaningful and broad fable for our time—but don't, for heaven's sakes, let this get around Avalon. It would ruin everything.

—E. P. MONROE.



"What's the matter? He's too good to look at television?"

ANGELIC B-FLAT: It was that unaccountable—that unearthly B-flat that started it all. Mr. Gedge, who played a trumpet in the Aloysius Smith brass band, blew the miracle note as climax to "Angels Incline." And, though it is not immediately evident in Betty Singleton's **"A Note of Grace"** (World, $3.50), the angels did incline.

First, the nuns' chapel burned down, a catastrophe which should hardly have concerned a Protestant trumpet-player. Like the rest of the good folk in the little English town, Mr. Gedge thought of the nuns as "a bunch of penguins." True, the black-swathed women tended well the aged sick in their care, but what of the "popish high jinks" in that chapel? Just the same, Mr. Gedge became indispensable man to the chapel—the new chapel a-building, that is. The sight of the nuns clumsily hauling stone and messing up lumber stirred Mr. Gedge's chivalry and his conscience as a builder. Reluctantly and clandestinely, he gave tyrannical Sister Ignatius—Sister Foreman—and her straining cohorts the benefit of his instruction and guidance.

When it came to his hoard of stone, however, Mr. Gedge balked. He was certain to get the contract for the new Civic Center and thus social triumph, a car, and impressive wardrobes for his beloved wife and daughter. Yet when Sister Foreman secretly prayed "at" him, the good-hearted fellow gave her the precious stone, relinquished the Civic Center to his competitor, and bore the anguish of his wife's disapproval. For his aid to the Romans, moreover, he became the town pariah, solaced only by his daughter Ivy. It was then, and none too soon, that the County Architect's words appeared in the paper. Mr. Gedge's angelic B-flat had finally come to earth.

"A Note of Grace," the Anglican author's first novel, soars high on a cloud of exquisite wit warmly tinged with understanding of the human heart. Mrs. Singleton's characters are endearing—wise Mother Superior, spirited Ivy and her worshipful Joe, even maddening Sister Foreman. As a symbol of bumbling, good-natured decency, Mr. Gedge rates a certain Dickensian immortality.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

THE Jury man

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Robert Traver, author of Anatomy of a Murderer—Sat. Review

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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Pick of the Paperbacks

A HERO OF OUR TIME. *By Mihail Lermontov. Translated by Vladimir and Dmitri Nabokov. Anchor.* 95¢. Pechorin, the dashing young hero of this nineteenth-century Russian novel, is about as romantic a figure as author Lermontov, who was killed in a duel in 1841, a year after the publication of this novel.

FOLK TALE, FICTION AND SAGA IN THE HOMERIC EPICS. *By Rhys Carpenter. University of California Press.* $1.50. Classical archeologist Carpenter maintains that Hellenic culture has its roots not in Mediterranean sources, but rather in the traditions of Northern Europe. He draws convincing comparisons between Northern literature and Greek epic writings.

BURMESE DAYS. *By George Orwell. Popular.* 35¢. In a novel of the Thirties, Orwell, an "angry young man" of an earlier day, warms to the conflict between colonials and natives in an out-of-the-way Burmese post.

THE FBI STORY. *By Don Whitehead. Pocket Books.* 50¢. An officially approved biography of our intelligence agency abounds with behind-the-scene reports on cloak-and-dagger activities.

SPECIALIZED TECHNIQUES IN PSYCHOTHERAPY. *Edited by Gustav Bychowski, M.D. and J. Louise Despert, M.D. Evergreen.* $1.95. The off-beat in psychotherapy is discussed in a collection of articles, by noted psychiatrists and psychologists, that deal with such methods of treatment as hypnosis, telepathy, group therapy.

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My Newspaper Lied

Continued from page 13

to me that no newspaper job had ever been more difficult. The first reason is that our race with the Russians is being run with and for complicated new weapons requiring new tactics, new strategies, and even new vocabularies. Under the threat of warfare by means of hydrogen rockets delivered in minutes from half a world away the mind, as Henry Adams remarked, "will need to jump." The minds of reporters, trained and educated to ask the right questions on the basis of understanding American politics, need to jump a long way in order to ask the right questions on the basis of understanding the difference between fission and fusion, the advantages and disadvantages of air-breathing and ballistic missiles or of liquid and solid fuels.

The second reason the job of reporters is difficult is "security." Until World War II any reporter of average intelligence could write accurately about military and defense problems because the information was easy to get. If he wanted to compare the strengths of any of the world's navies, for example, he had only to consult a ready reference book called "Jane's Fighting Ships." The divisional strengths of the world's armies were also regularly published. As a final resort, a reporter could, in those days, go direct to the horse's mouth. The horse's mouth was any high official responsible for and attentive to the problems of defense. But today the horse's mouth is often closed.

The secrecy syndrome in our Government is now so widespread that it has been said that even the wrapping-paper in the Pentagon is marked secret. Officials like AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss clutch their secrets to their breasts much in the spirit of schoolboys taunting their fellows with the cry "I've got a see-crut you don't know"—this despite the fact that their see-cruts are not secrets from the Russians, but only from the American people.

And when the horse's mouth opens, it is likely to tell only that part of the truth which Government wants to have told. For an example of this "selective security," consider the case of Charles Wilson's happy announcement some months ago that intelligence had reported a sharp cutback in Soviet production of their Bison long range bomber. Wilson used this top-secret intelligence to support his policy of cutting back on production of our own B-52s. But he conspicuously failed to make public another piece of secret intelligence—the remarkable Soviet progress in the field of the long-range missile. This progress was the real reason, of course, why the Soviets cut back on their long-range bombers.

There is a third reason why the job of the press is difficult. This reason lies in a tradition of which the American press is justifiably proud: that newspapers should not argue with the news. They should not editorialize in their news columns. They should report what a man says, and let it go at that, even when they know that what he says is wrong, or likely to mislead, or even a flat, provable lie.

The tradition is a proud one when there is public debate. When the press can report what one man says, and give equal prominence to a rebuttal of what he says, the public is permitted to choose. "Knowledge," Madison said, "will forever govern ignorance." But when there is only one voice—and that the official voice—no comparison or choice is permitted. The tradition turns sour.

What is a reporter to do, for example, when after the first Russian satellite is launched a high official says that it didn't raise his apprehensions? Or what is a reporter to do when the Secretary of Defense, nearly three months after Washington had certain knowledge that the Russians had tested a missile of intercontinental range, says that he doesn't think they have such a missile and that the United States is still ahead in the race?

"Russ Not Ahead in Missile Race, Wilson Declares," was the way my own newspaper headlined that story, and across the country most others gave it similar treatment. To some extent, therefore, the press of the United States, like the press of Russia, becomes a vast sounding board, reverberating to the beat of the official drumstick. Journalism, confronted with the new problems of the new life-and-death reporting, records its own failure.

TRUE, the failure is not complete. While my newspaper and many others were giving the "pooh-pooh" treatment to the life-and-death fact that the Russians had achieved an intercontinental ballistic missile, the *Washington Post* played the story straight. I looked into this, and I found out why the *Post* succeeded where others had failed.

On the night that the Soviet Government officially announced its new weapon, the *Post*'s managing editor Alfred Friendly remembered that about a month previously he had read a column in his own newspaper by Stewart Alsop in which Alsop flatly stated that Russia had tested an intercontinental ballistic missile. Friendly also remembered that in 1949, when the Russians announced they had fired an atomic bomb, the then Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, had suggested that the bomb was a fake. Friendly had his guard up. Then he looked at the story written by one of his reporters who had checked out the Russian announcement with the Defense Department. It belittled the achievement in officially authorized style. Friendly put in a call for a *Post* veteran, Ed Folliard, and they talked it over. Folliard made a few more calls. Friendly made up his mind. Next morning the *Post* played the story straight, and played it as the lead. So did *The New York Times*, which previously had been fooled into giving credence to Pentagon denials of the original Alsop story.

As I looked over the records of reporters in Washington who were doing the new power-balance reporting, it was clear that the Alsop brothers weren't the only two who were on top of the difficult news. *The Washington Post*'s Chalmers Roberts and *The New York Times*'s James Reston are examples of the ability and initiative being put to work in Washington by a number of well-trained and knowledgable correspondents. As far back as 1947 these men had reported that the Russians were at work on an intercontinental missile and a satellite, and predicted that they would succeed before the United States did. In 1955 they reported that the United States would try to launch an earth satellite in 1957. But unless the project was tackled with a sense of urgency the Russians, they said, would get there first, "and would gain enormous prestige in the scientific world, as as well as registering a huge propaganda victory if they were first to break the bonds of gravity."

Again and again they had complained that United States officials had no sense of urgency about the new weapons. "The United States has tested only one intermediate missile," they reported last summer. "The Soviet Union has been testing such missiles for eighteen months at the rate of five per month!" Finally, in July 1957, weeks before the Russians verified the news, the Alsops broke the story of the greatest Soviet success of all, the successful testing of the ICBM. John Lear, in *The Saturday Review*, by going to Canadian sources, scored an equally clean beat.

If some reporters could succeed, it seemed to me there must be some way

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of getting around the difficulties. I decided to observe the Alsops at work.

How did the Alsops learn to distinguish between truth and approximations of truth or half-truth in the news handouts or in public statements? Watching them it seemed to me that they followed two basic rules. The rules are not patented. Any reporter can learn to use them.

Rule one is to go to school. Understanding the new weapons and the new strategy is half the battle, as my own encounter with the army general at the Washington dinner-party proved. I had asked the general a question, and by sheer happenstance it turned out to be the key question. But Alsop understood why the answer was chilly, and I did not. Alsop knew the difference between re-entering the atmosphere at a speed of Mach 14 and a speed of Mach 21, and I did not. More simply, he had studied the new weapons, and I had not. Neither had the reporters in Washington upon whom my newspaper and others rely.

Rule two is to examine with critical skepticism what emerges from the horse's mouth. During the London Conference last spring, the State Department issued one bulletin after another heralding the United States plan for world disarmament. My newspaper and others headlined the "news." In fact, however, the Alsops were able to predict with utter confidence, "there will be no disarmament agreement." What they did was to study the package deal that Mr. Dulles was making up in Washington. Clearly, it was one the Russians could not accept, no matter how bravely Harold Stassen might talk in London about the possibilities of negotiation.

WHEN a reporter refuses to accept complacently from the horse's mouth such facts as the horse wishes to have accepted, the horse is likely to turn around and kick, as many Washington reporters have discovered. Despite James Hagerty's expressed "surprise," *The New York Times* sticks to its story that "the Administration practice of having gumshoes shadow reporters to detect their sources for delicate news stories continues unabated."

In testifying before a Congressional committee Joseph Alsop has mentioned another kind of kick: "You have in the last five or six years had a very novel technique which has been employed in the Federal Government to prevent the publication of information which the Government desires, for one reason or another, to keep secret. It is a rather simple technique. The newspaperman who ventures to publish what he regards as a life-and-death fact of considerable national importance is ordered to be investigated." At least five times the Alsops themselves have been investigated.

I DO not pretend that the diligent application of these rules will always ensure that the American people will know how they stand in the life-and-death race—or in other matters involving their security. But they may help.

The American Founding Fathers were not concerned with creating a perfect government. Their concern was to create a government in which errors would be forced out into the open. This is another way of describing checks and balances. It is essential even for good men in office and a matter of life and death when bad men get in. Nor is this a matter of political labels. Both administrations since the end of the war have attempted to avoid the unpleasant consequences of error. The climax came when the first Russian Sputnik was launched and Defense and State Departments rushed to the public with complacent, reassuring statements designed to hide the truth.

The whole truth was available, as we now know. When Allen W. Dulles, Director of Central Intelligence, testified before the Johnson Committee, he cited instance after instance in which Russian missile progress had been reported to the National Security Council. But, unlike the days of the Marshall Plan and of Greek-Turkish aid, when unpleasant facts were made publicly available in order to support a policy for dealing with them, the facts Allen Dulles reported went no further. They did not fit the Government policy. "They didn't," Allen Dulles has been quoted as saying in response to a Senatorial question. "seem to have any impact."

When facts officially reported to Government officials have no impact, we can hardly expect the press, reporting unofficially to the people, to make up for it. Only the Russian satellites had the necessary impact to arouse the Government and the public too. For that we may, as Allen Dulles has also said, "thank Heaven."

Still, there is no proof that the next shock will permit a period of awakening, or be susceptible, however briefly to the amusing "pooh-pooh" treatment. It would be well for Americans to bear in mind that the battle of the press to get the whole truth from Government is their battle, and that the people own the right to know. Government officials have to be reminded, from time to time, that they are granting no favors when they show the facts; they are doing what they are put there to do.

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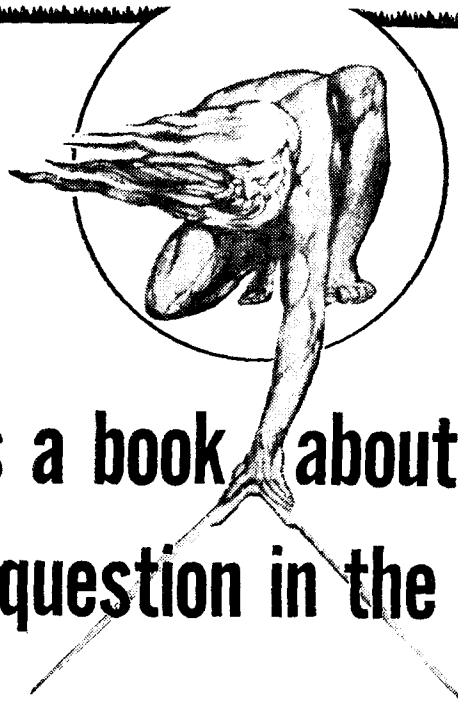

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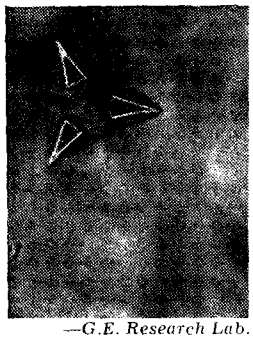

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SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XXV • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: The Growing Pains of Science

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *FLYING MUSTACHE*
- *GHOST WORLDS*
- *BOOTLEG LEARNING*

A CERTAIN tradition is associated with the opening of the month of April. Our readers should have it in mind when they look at the photograph at our masthead. Some people who have seen this picture think it records the hovering of a flying saucer in a cloudy sky. Actually, the camera lens was aimed the other way, through a microscope. The image the photographer really caught was the geometry of a cross-section of a metal whisker grown in the General Electric Research Laboratory at Schenectady, N. Y.

We have written about whiskers like these before. They grow from metal surfaces precisely as the whiskers grow from a man's face. They are a lot tougher than human whiskers. In fact, they are many times stronger proportionately than the parent metal which sprouts them. Scientists don't photograph them to play April Fool jokes. What the camera eye sees helps researchers learn secrets hidden in such eternal mysteries as magnetism (in iron whiskers), superconductivity (in copper whiskers), and the internal architecture that metallurgists must build from. The designs that show up on the photographic plates are often comparable to jeweled cufflinks or finely tooled bracelets.

• • •

"THE FABULOUS GLASS CHILD" (SR/RESEARCH, June 1, 1957) was one of the most popular stories we have published in our two years of life. It told how Dr. Donald Stookey had changed glass into something else at the Corning Works. This new something was as strong as run-of-the-mill untreated steel and yet had not lost the resistance glass ordinarily has to corrosion. Originally the stuff was intended for missile noses. But missiles play a mighty small part in everyday life. What peaceful use is there for had-been-glass? Corning's latest suggestion: ball bearings. We don't know what this will do to the 1958 marble season.

• • •

WE SUPPOSE it is too late to nominate Dr. John Hagen, the radio-astronomer, for a medal. Nevertheless, he ought to have one. The "public relations" people of the U. S. Navy have done a pretty good job of discouraging us from seeing him since we published his article in our now famous Moontracking issue (SR/RESEARCH, Sept. 1, 1956) but that doesn't obscure our judgment. The moon Hagen finally hung in the sky with the Vanguard rocket is not the multi-million-dollar boondoggle people have been led to think it is. On the contrary, the Vanguard is the most valuable of all the satellite experiments including the Russian Sputnik and Muttnik.

The purpose of Vanguard from the beginning was to achieve an orbit with the least possible expenditure of energy. The rocket is smaller than the old German V2, considerably less expensive than Wernher von Braun's vehicle for Explorer I. In the end, the economies it makes possible will wipe out many times over the expense of its first two failures.

The engineering of all future rockets will be influenced by the gimbal mounting of the Vanguard motor. This is merely a large model of the cradle in which toy gyroscopes oscillate, but it was not so simple to operate.

Since all present satellites are experimental instruments to help determine what the ultimate man-carrying satellite will be like, the powering of one of the Vanguard radios by solar batteries (which turn sunlight into electricity) assures us a longer story of space conditions than can possibly come from Sputnik, Muttnik, or Explorer 1. It will be a bigger story, too, because Vanguard is swinging all the way from 400 miles above Earth to 2,500 miles out in space. Explorer 1 goes out to 1,600 miles, Muttnik to 1,056 miles. Sputnik went only to 560 miles.

• • •

DELINQUENT as the Navy has been in maintaining popular perspective on Vanguard, the Army did worse. Misinformation given to the American people about the abortive flight of Explorer II was scandalous. For several days running the newspapers were encouraged to headline "doubts" over whether von Braun's second moon was orbiting. If the truth had been told as it became known a great many editors would feel less like charlatans today, and the people would have received in painless form some of the basic research understanding that is pleaded for so vociferously in scientists' speeches to each other and offered so rarely by them when non-scientists are ready and eager to listen.

The fate of Explorer II was guessed by competent scientists within a half hour of its firing, and was definitely confirmed in less than four hours.

The true account of what happened

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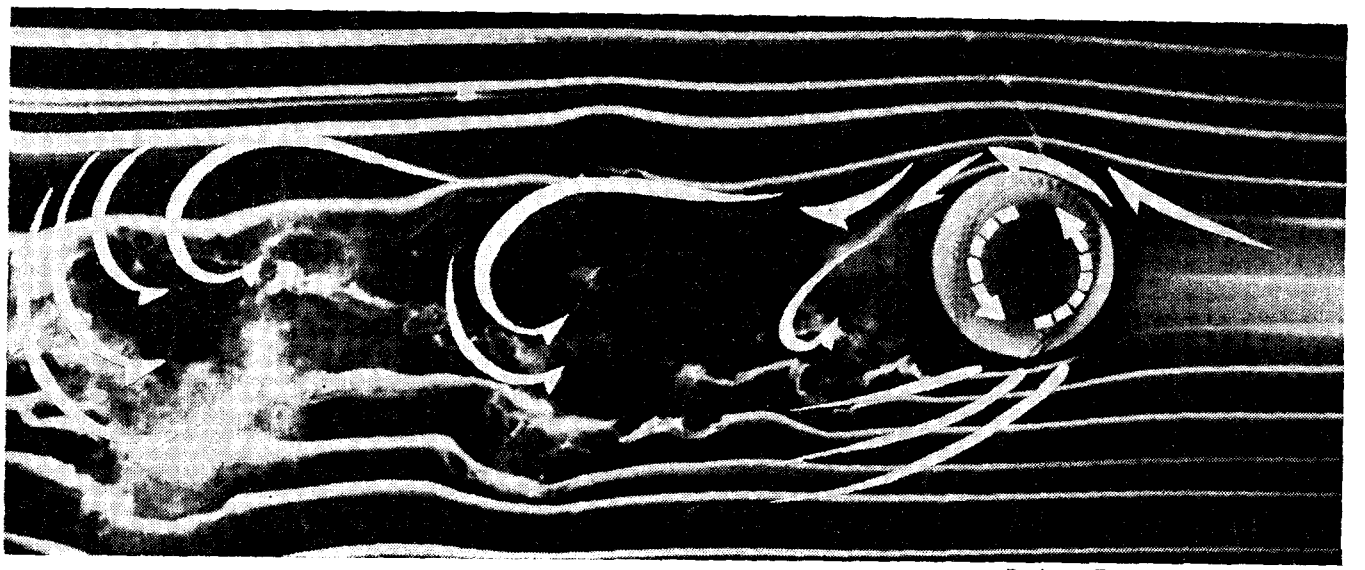
THE FAST CURVE GIVES US A LESSON IN THE PHYSICS OF BASEBALL



—Professor Frank Brown—Notre Dame.

YOU ARE LOOKING DOWN ON THE BALL. It is spinning counter-clockwise from a left-handed pitch straight across the page from left to right. Note the regularity of the smoke pattern immediately to the left of the ball (that is, toward the top of the page), the irregularity in the smoke immediately to the ball's right (toward the bottom of the page), and the dark swords of drag (accented by arrows) behind the ball (leftward on the page) and increasingly toward the right (downward on the page). Since the swords act as brakes only on the ball's right (lower) side, the ball goes left (up) and forward in the direction of its own spin.

begins with the fact that the fourth stage of Explorer II's rocket—the stage that would have become the satellite—was loaded with scientific instruments, loaded so heavily that there was no space left for signaling equipment which experimental rockets usually carry to directly record the performance of each successive motor as it goes into action. In this sense, the fourth stage was on its own. A brief period of uncertainty about it was inevitable. But one fact was never in doubt: to achieve an orbit, the satellite had to reach a speed of 18,000 miles an hour. That speed would not be attained if the fourth stage rocket did not fire.

Although there was no radio in the fourth stage to initiate news, there were radar trackers on the ground to send messages up. The tale that bounced back to Earth could be and was translated through the Doppler effect. The Doppler effect is familiar to all of us in the changing tone of a whistle or bell. As it approaches us or we approach it, the sound rises in intensity; as our distance from it grows, the tone deepens. Since Explorer II was going away from the radarmen on Cape Canaveral at progressively faster speed, the intensity of the messages it bounced back should have fallen steadily. There was a drop, a second drop, and a third drop, but not a fourth one. If the radar instruments were working dependably, this could mean only one thing: the fourth stage of the rocket had not fired at all or the thrust had been too weak to put the satellite into an orbit.

Inaccuracies of one kind or another are always possible, however. It would take time to check the data. So the rocketeers decided to wait for the satellite to fly around the globe. But when Explorer II was due over Earthquake Valley, in California, the instruments there detected no sign of its passing.

Inaccuracies in one instrument are just as possible as they are in another, so the rocketeers waitted for another circuit. Again there was no signal to indicate a presence in the sky. By that time other radar trackers at Fort Monmouth in New Jersey had confirmed the Doppler effect observations on Cape Canaveral. Explorer II just didn't go fast enough to become a moon. Instead of hitting 18,000 miles per hour, its speed rose only to the neighborhood of 11,000 miles. The difference could be accounted for only by the failure of the fourth stage rocket to fire. But that wasn't conceded for a long time afterward.

• • •

SOONER or later we are going to have to drop the secrecy nonsense and treat man's excursions through Earth's atmosphere as a long trial-and-error experience. It seems to us that a logical beginning would be to break away from the notion that this adventure can be chopped up to fit newspaper edition times, TV program hours, budget crises in Congress, or any other currently popular divisions of time. The Russians already have recognized this in a pamphlet they have put out. It cautions Ivan Ivanovich not to expect to be able to take off on a space flight whenever he gets the urge. At least until atomic power eliminates energy as a problem, fuel economy will have to be considered. "A trip from one planet to another (using present-day chemical fuels) can only be made along a number of 'reasonable' routes," the pamphlet points out, "and the positions of the planets in relation to one another will also have to be taken into consideration. Hence the dates on which space-ships might take off or arrive at their destination will be strictly defined. If a schedule were to be drawn up of flights to Mars or Venus it would have blanks, 'dead seasons,' of from a few months to one and a half years or so, during which no space-ship would be able to take off from the Earth or land at its destination because of unfavorable planetary configuration." The invasion of interplanetary space, in short, involves new dimensions less bound to the clock or the calendar than to the infinite reach of poetry.

In terms of this perspective, it is closer to the point to try to introduce a new scale of values. A first lesson might be the saga of ancient worlds which collided in outer space ages ago, shattered into bits, drifted through time ever since and are now helping man to keep track of the new moons of his own making.

We can pick up the modern chapter of this story one week afte the first

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Sputnik rose above the steppes of Siberia last October. At that time three physicists from three lands—Friedrich Begeman of Germany, Johannes Geiss of Switzerland, and David Hess of the United States—reported in *The Physical Review* what they regarded as clinching support for a new theory of the formation of meteorites.

By examining bits of rock that fell in a meteor shower in 1948 on the bordering states of Kansas and Nebraska, and measuring how much of the potassium-40 within the stones had changed to argon-40, these three men fixed the time the meteors had traveled before landing in the American midwest—somewhere between 240 million and 280 million years. Then, by measuring how much hydrogen-3 and helium-3 had been formed in the rock fragments by cosmic rays, the scientists set the age of the worlds from which the stone bits broke: 4.2 billion years—roughly as old as the Earth.

Sputnik I was in the sky a month when the Radio Corporation of America announced successful transmission of facsimiles of printed pages across 1,000 miles of heaven. The method? Bouncing radio signals off the trails that the fragments of those lost and broken worlds made 60 to 100 miles above the Earth.

When the trails descend into the lower reaches of Earth's atmosphere, friction of the meteors' passing releases energy which appears as streaks of light. We call these "shooting stars" when we see them on dark nights. During the day the streaks are not visible but they are there just the same: lanes strewn with electrons that were stripped from atoms in the heat of the meteors' hypersonic travel. Although they are very narrow ribbons, these ionized paths are essentially the same in their makeup as the big electronic umbrella known to science as the ionosphere. It is the reflecting quality of the ionosphere, of course, that makes radio communication possible.

Now there is in Ohio a small school named Wittenberg College. Some years before Sputnik, at this school in the city of Springfield, Professor Lloyd R. Wylie of the Wittenberg physics department and a colleague, H. T. Castillo, published a paper in which they described how they had tracked meteors entering Earth's atmosphere. Simply by tuning into the 20-megacycle broadcast band of WWV, the National Bureau of Standards radio station in Washington, D.C., Wylie and Castillo could tell when meteors were passing far overhead at night. During the day, when the action of the sunlight weaves the ionosphere into a thick blanket, WWA signals are bounced earthward and are clearly heard in Ohio. But at night, when the ion pattern thins, the signals go out into space and leave Ohio in silence. Only when a meteor enters, trailing behind it a thin strip of substitute ionosphere, are there telltale beeps of sound.

These experiments by Wylie and Castillo were remembered by Dr. John D. Kraus of Ohio State University when the radio transmitter of Sputnik I went dead. He may have read of the RCA fascimile experiments, too, but residents of the Buckeye State are notoriously loyal to their own, and he cited Wylie and Castillo as his precedents in turning Ohio State's radio telescope toward the suddenly voiceless Sputnik.

There was little doubt of success in Kraus' mind as he did this. Many meteors are no bigger than a grain of sand. Few reach the size of a pea. If such miniatures could leave behind them an ion trail capable of reflecting radio signals, surely a twenty-three-inch moon would be plainly "visible." And, Kraus found, it was. The bursts of signals from it lasted as long as three minutes at a stretch, clearly marking a path 900 miles long. Kraus recorded these paths one after another, night after night, until he had a reliable chart. Before long, he knew the time the satellite was taking to circle the Earth and when the sphere was dipping lower in its orbit.

On the night of January 4, the chart indicated that Sputnik I was 100 miles above Earth's surface. The burst of signals that Kraus had grown accustomed to changed suddenly. Three paths appeared in the sky where there had been one. The Russian moon, which its Soviet builders had expected to fall in fiery glory visible in the glare of the noonday sun, was breaking up. The heat of passage was tearing it apart at the seams. Its three fragments were dropping at three levels thousands of miles distant from each other. During the night after that, Sputnik I was in perigee over Ohio and two of its three surviving pieces were themselves disintegrating. By January 6, eight distinct fragments were traveling their separate ways to doom. On January 7, one of those eight was gone. Next night three more disappeared. When darkness fell on January 9, one small remnant remained aloft. By nightfall of January 10, it had ceased to exist as a detectable entity. If anything is now left of Sputnik I it is a cloud of very fine dust.

"It's entirely possible," Kraus told Frank J. Tate, managing editor of the *Ohio State University Monthly*, "that

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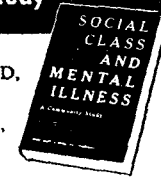

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some raindrop hitting you on the nose during some future rain shower may contain a particle of Sputnik I."

Suppose a series of moons of many different national makes disintegrate in this same way. Will the accumulating dust act as seed in the clouds and change the pattern of rainfall? Scientists calculate that a ton of dust is dumped from the cosmos into Earth's atmosphere every day. No one knows if the balance is precarious or whether the dust could safely be increased a thousandfold. Kraus has no opinion on the matter at this point. But he says we can expect a radiotelescope report from him on the travels of Muttnik, Explorer I, and Vanguard.

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THE major purpose of SR/RESEARCH is to illumine the relationship of science to society and so try to reduce the frightening disparity between the explosive speed of the one and the inevitably slowing checks and balances which the other must maintain if democracy is to survive. At first we believed that responsibility for the prevailing lopsidedness was equally divided between the scientist and the humanist. But passing of time has convinced us that the scientist must take the initiative toward understanding, if not continuously then certainly with regularity over a period of indefinite length. We were consequently cheered by last December's decision of the governing council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to call a Parliament of Science for public discussion of public issues. We were pleased that the Parliament delegates should be chosen not only from the scientific disciplines but from other regions of the culture which nurtures science. We were especially pleased that the chairmanship of the steering committee for this extraordinary assembly—it would be the first of its kind in American history—should be reposed in the person of Dr. Warren Weaver, a vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation, a former president of the AAAS, and for a long time now the most literate and influential scientist-spokesman in the United States for the proposition that science must somehow play "a noble part" in lifting the human individual out of the mess that society has been making of itself with the help of scientific discoveries.

A delegate's report on the Parliament, which met in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel on March 15, 16, and 17 is told on later pages of this issue of SR/RESEARCH by H. Jack Geiger. Our own opinion is that too few people took the noble possibilities

—*Eli Lilly and Co.*

Science begins at home.

of such a Parliament seriously beforehand, that consequently not enough time was allotted for so important an assembly, that unexpected breaks with tradition nevertheless occurred (such as the last minute decision to open all the deliberations to the press) but occurred too late to generate the favorable response they otherwise could have expected, and that the Parliament's most solid achievement was its opening of the way for other more meaningful Parliaments. We can find some encouragement in Warren Weaver's faith that the Parliament, for all its short-comings, was "constructive and promising." Being a powerful member of the board of directors of the AAAS, he is in a position to act to enforce the promise he sees. Without such enforcement the Parliament's expression will be meaningless, for the delegates have no official or formal responsibility to the AAAS nor has the AAAS any formal or official responsibility to them.

Geiger, from his experience as a delegate, questions whether much of what the Parliament intended was actually communicated. Intentionally or not, what has been communicated to us is the strong feeling that the scientists now rely so heavily on the Federal government for money to carry on their work that they hesitate to speak critically except in generalities.

Example: Although they were called together hurriedly and ill-prepared so that their deliberations might take place in time to provide informed guidance on science legislation now before the U. S. Congress, the Parliament conclusion did not specify a single piece of legislation.

Example: Instead of saying what everyone knows, that the National Science Foundation has lagged in its legal obligation to decide and publicly define science policy for the country, the Parliament said the need for policy statements from NSF "will become more important as the availability of funds increases."

Example: The country's most desperate need at this moment in history is a clear sense of priority. It is generally felt that the deepest abysses of our ignorance are found in our own behavior, in the behavior of the atmosphere which envelops us, the deepsea currents which influence it, and the cells of which we ourselves are made. But no one has declared this flatly and finally. No one has said: "We simply must put first things first ,and direct imaginative young minds in these directions, and provide money as generously as we may in these directions before all others." Either through lack of clear authority, or through unwillingness to risk losing his own status quo share of appropriation and grant pie, everyone seems to be waiting for another fellow to begin clearing the fog. Where was the sacrificing that the scientists have been exhorting upon the non-scientists?

Example: After the priorities for research are established, the main task is to encourage a search for fundamental knowledge in the chosen regions. This is a timeless quest, with unpredictable turnings, many dead ends, countless disappointments, and a good chance of ultimate attainment of nothing but unexpected findings of no possible use to anyone in the foreseeable future. Such a search will be futile, void of promise, unless it is conducted openly, honestly, even proudly. But an ever larger share of basic research today is done almost stealthily. "Bootlegging," one noted scientist calls it. Moneys for it are obtained not by forthright description of important unknowns and frank elucidation of uncertain paths toward them; they are got under cover of project descriptions which clearly predict realizeable goals (hence by nature cannot involve pure inquiry at all) which can later be offered as justification for the expenditure. The "bootlegging" of funds in this manner has become so widespread that many of its practitioners have become fearful of arguing openly for real values lest the extent of basic research funds now hidden in their "practical" projects become known, arouse antagonism in Congress or in the Budget Bureau, and cause even the hidden spigot of the wherewithal of true knowledge to be shut off. On this admittedly delicate but certainly vital subject the Parliament was also silent.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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A Social Diagnosis

THE GROWING PAINS OF SCIENCE

America's first Parliament of Science was convened in Washington, D.C. last month on the initiative of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Its high purpose was to offer scientifically informed opinion on legislation currently under the consideration of the United States Congress. Three days were set aside for the deliberations. The time proved far too short to effectively compass so enormous a responsibility. Science again was reminded of the slow painfulness of man's growing up to the obligations of his dynamic society.

By H. JACK GEIGER

FOR three days of March 1958—in the thirteenth year of the Atomic Age and the fifth month of the Space Era—an extraordinary meeting took place in Washington, D.C. It brought together, among others, an astronomer from Michigan, a U.S. Senator from Arkansas, a nuclear physicist from New Jersey, and the science editor of a San Francisco newspaper to argue and reason and work with the likes of cancer researchers, educators, anthropologists and union officials: 133 in all.

They struggled with matters of human destiny and with library books. They talked of hydrogen bombs and pension plans, of moral judgments and tax reforms, of atomic furnaces, bourbon whiskey and poetry. Summoned by a vision of a vast and still hazily-recognized revolution, they were confronted by practical problems neither visionary nor revolutionary. They called themselves the Parliament of Science, and their meeting was the first of its kind in American history.

This Parliament said some things that have been said before, over and over since the first blinding flash and mushroom cloud separated today forever from yesterday: for example, that science had given to no one in particular a power that no one in particular knew how to use, and that all of us had better learn how. But only rarely did the Parliament speak specifically of the use of that power, or challenge its misuse. It gave new emphasis to some old truths: that scientists should begin to speak simple English (or simple Russian, or simple Japanese), and that science had no final answers. And it bogged down with distressing frequency in awful, pious platitudes.

But its significance, if the long perspective of history assigns it any, may lie neither in the paradox nor the consistency, the intangible achievement or the specific failure, but simply in the fact that these men and women were there, at long last, to try to bridge the gulf that yawns between science and society.

To properly assess the Parliament's success and failure, it is necessary first to know how and why it came about.

This first Parliament of Science was "born" a mere three months ago, at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The sputniks were freshly risen in the sky—and suddenly the relationship of scientific knowledge to power, and the importance of a healthy and flourishing science, had become national issues. The debate over radioactive fallout was still intense. A dozen or more bills on research funds, education, and science in the defense department were scheduled for congressional action. Many scientists (and almost one million of them are represented by the AAAS) wanted to play a part in the national decision-making.

It was in this setting that the AAAS Council (the 400-member body that represents all the AAAS affiliated scientific societies) unexpectedly called for a Parliament of Science, to consist of delegates representing all fields of science and all sections of the country, to meet in Washington, to think about these problems, and to speak to the Congress and the public.

To cap this invention, the AAAS asked Dr. Warren Weaver, one of its own past presidents who is now vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation, to head a planning committee and chair the proposed Parliament. Dr. Weaver agreed, and signed on a roster of distinguished colleagues including such men as Detlev W. Bronk, president of the National Academy of Sciences; Alan Waterman, director of the National Science Foundation; Wallace Brode, president-elect of the AAAS and science adviser to the State Department.

From this planning committee promptly came a number of crucial decisions: first, that no Parliament of Science could serve its purpose unless it included representatives of the public, government, education, the press, the arts and humanities; and, second, that the Parliament would have to deal with the hard, down-to-earth problems underlying five key questions:

How can the nation best find and use money for scientific research? How shall science be organized, within and outside of government? Can we find ways for scientists to talk freely and coherently to each other and to the non-scientist? How can we identify and encourage talented students in science and other intellectual endeavors? How can we extend and

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improve our education—not just science education, but all kinds of education?

With the help of the National Science Foundation, the committee came up with some 140 mimeographed pages of relevant facts, surveys, statistics, arguments, and background documents, assembled in the refreshing belief (not always found in parliaments) that facts are handy when decisions are to be made. Unfortunately, these papers did not reach most of the delegates until the day before the Parliament opened.

There was on hand in plenty of time, however, another document from the planning committee—in particular, from the pen of Warren Weaver. To some observers this remains the Parliament's most important statement. Written in the form of a summons to the meeting, it was formally endorsed in one of the Parliament's final acts. It gave the meeting, originally conceived as a vehicle to reach Congress on matters of legislation, a larger purpose.

What Dr. Weaver said in this statement (see *SR/*RESEARCH, Mar. 1) was that satellites and H-bombs and cyclotrons and chemicals for the mind —with all their social implications— were not really the issues at all. They were symptoms, he said, the mere beginnings of a vast and exponential increase in scientific knowledge, a scientific revolution that would make the industrial revolution and its effects seem puny by comparison. And this in turn would mean a revolution in human affairs, for this knowledge means new dimensions of power. Scientists, he concluded, wanted to join with others in deciding how to play "a noble part" in the use of that power.

So the delegates—some cynical, some hopeful, some inspired, some bewildered—arrived in Washington to map the road toward that "noble part" and to translate the vision of a scientific revolution into plans for laboratories, research budgets, schools and students. They had three days.

What follows is a sampling of their conclusions:

ON SUPPORT OF SCIENCE

The roots of science are basic research, the "untrammeled exploration of the universe and of man in the universe."

This search must be supported by money on a vastly increased scale, but first of all by a general recognition that learning—all learning—is a high calling, to be respected.

The money must come from varied sources—not from government alone —and must be given without strings, in ways that will make universities models of freedom for society.

The spending must be balanced, which means additional funds in particular for research in the biological and social sciences to match the huge amounts now going into physical science. One compelling example is the need for massive expenditures for "large-scale investigation of biological processes in controlled environments, such as the genetic and pathological effects of long-continued but small radiation exposures."

ON SCIENCE ORGANIZATION

The impact of science and technology on national policy requires representation of science at the highest levels of government. This does not mean the establishment of a Department of Science with cabinet rank. It does mean endorsement of Dr. James R. Killian as Special Assistant to the President.

The National Science Foundation, now charged with research planning in relation to national policy, should "expand the horizons of national planning" and pour more federal research funds into universities and private institutions.

Research in the defense department would fare much better if civilians held high administrative posts, career officers were rotated less frequently, budgets were made more continuous and "crash" programs were assigned to special agencies.

ON SCIENCE COMMUNICATION

The work of the scientist is not truly completed until its significant results are communicated not merely to other scientists but to the public at large.

Scientific organizations have a responsibility to present, where possible, evaluations of available facts on controversial public problems involving the social consequences of their fields of activity. Science does not speak with a single voice. In many cases, there will be divergences of opinion among scientists themselves. Yet it is desirable to reduce—not increase —public confusion. One recently attempted solution was the National Academy of Science's appointment of expert committees to clarify for the public the evidence of atomic radiation hazards and the possible interpretations of that evidence. Other solutions must be sought.

Scientists and their organizations should join actively with other professional groups now fighting to reduce governmental secrecy and to protect the public's right to know.

In research connected with defense, the policy of "security through secrecy" and the classification of tens of thousands of research papers denies participation of large segments of the scientific community in that very defense effort—and denies to universities the information they need to educate scientists. "Security through secrecy" must be weighed against the merits of "security through communication and participation."

Basic research should be "born free" and not subject to classification and declassification, as should all developmental research aside from "hardware" and design and weapons data.

ON ASSISTANCE TO SCIENCE

The need for increased support for students in all fields of educational endeavor must be recognized. Funds

—*Western Reserve.*

H. Jack Geiger.

WHEN H. JACK GEIGER CRITICIZES the work of the Parliament of Science, he aims at himself, among others. For, as a member of the National Association of Science Writers he sits on the American Association for the Advancement of Science Committee on the Social Aspects of Science. And in that role he became a consulting delegate to the Parliament. He served with his writing colleague Milton Silverman (NASW's president) on the Panel of Communications, sat briefly as an observer of each of the other four panels, and debated and voted in the plenary sessions. The views he expresses here are his own independent opinions, since the obligations of the delegates to the Parliament ended with its adjournment.

It is difficult to characterize Jack Geiger. Is he a writer who is studying medicine? Or a medical student who writes? He began as the former, was among other things science editor for International News Service, quit an active journalistic career to return to school to help make the science news he was writing about as a reporter. Perhaps genetics took him over then (his father, Jacob, is a New York City physician); in any event he is now a senior in Western Reserve University's Medical School at Cleveland and has decided to intern in the Harvard Service of Boston City Hospital next year. Writing, he thinks, will be his future avocation, an adjunct to a career in social medicine. At thirty-two, he still has time to change his mind.

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DR. WARREN WEAVER, chief steersman of the Science Parliament and a major hope of worthy future consequences from it.

must be provided not only for the support of students in the sciences and technologies but also for those in the humanities.

The federal government should not assume the entire burden. Federal support for education should include the underwriting of programs which can be further developed by state, local and private agencies.

Programs of counseling, guidance and identification of talent and motivation should be developed through the cooperative efforts of universities and elementary and secondary schools.

Scholarships or fellowships whose cost is defrayed by federal funds should be awarded solely on the basis of merit. The financial means of recipients should not be considered.

The teaching of science should not be simply a collection of facts. It should show the way in which scientific conclusions are drawn by rational processes from observations and should emphasize the tentativeness of these conclusions. It should keep alive curiosity and enthusiasm for learning.

ON EDUCATION

Teachers must be compensated at levels which reflect the degree to which the destiny of the nation depends on teaching of the highest quality.

Science teachers should know their subjects—and have more opportunity to study and do postgraduate work in science, even at the risk of fewer professional education courses.

University and college entrance requirements in science, mathematics and other subjects should be raised.

But there is no need for a special 'West Point of Science."

Federal aid for science education should go first into teacher salaries, then into new buildings and equipment, and only then into scholarships.

Foreign language instruction should begin in grade school and be strengthened in high school.

Do these statements constitute an adequate guide for the public and a useful program for a Congress faced with specific decisions? Does all this (and this list omits dozens of unmistakably stale and vague statements in the Parliament's final set of recommendations) sound like a new voice of science, a voice speaking clearly and reasonably and even stirringly to a society at once fearful of the menace in the midnight news and fired by the promise in the laboratory glassware? Are these the phrases of a call to a new, science-based departure from the bonds of the past? Is this the clear outline of a noble role? Do these suggestions contain much that has not been said often before, many inventive solutions to hard problems? Do they, in fact, even provide specific and detailed answers to the Parliament's five key questions?

THE answer must be "no." The Parliament itself conceded as much. In the last hours of its last session, it voted to "adopt and include" the brave pages of Weaver's forecast of a scientific revolution and his plea that science play "a noble part" precisely because the content and flavor of his vision were so often lacking in what Parliament itself wrote.

Even while the Parliament was in session, the integrity of the Atomic Energy Commission in withholding or distorting scientific information related to an important political issue (in this case, disarmament and nuclear test detection) was once again under attack. The Parliament said nothing of this. It called, properly, for a study of long range radiation effects. To be conducted by whom? The AEC? Meanwhile, should other agencies legitimately concerned with the public safety—for example, the U.S. Public Health Service—have access to relevant but still secret information locked in AEC files? The Parliament had nothing to say.

Again, in its discussion of security and secrecy the Parliament opposed secrecy "except when it is clearly related to national security." But there was no attempt to face the crux of the problem, which is simply: Who will determine the exceptions, by what standards?

The fact is that the Parliament report—which carries no official weight since the Parliament was not a legal body and represented no one—constitutes an agreeable statement of position, despite a tendency (like an election year campaign platform) to offer all things to all men. But it is not the stuff of politics, in the best sense of the word, or of legislative government, or of science. In these respects, it is an unsophisticated document. And when they completed it, perhaps the delegates—instead of packing to go home—should have settled down to the real work of spelling it out.

There were other failures: of omission, for example, when the Parliament voted down the observation that "we cannot pretend to tap total human resources without recognizing that discrimination deters the members of minority groups from participating in education and science." Of clarity: exactly what does the National Science Foundation do to "expand the horizon of national planning?" Of method: exactly how is basic research to be "born free" and "kept free" of security classification and restriction when much of it is performed in restricted government laboratories?

And finally, for whatever reasons, there was a failure to reach a larger public. Only 15 per cent of the non-scientist delegates originally invited to the Parliament actually attended; substitutes had to be found for them. Press coverage of the meeting itself was desultory. If the Parliament had a message, it failed to make sure that someone was listening.

Yet it would be a major error to stop here, to write off the Parliament itself as a failure, or to dismiss it merely as an interesting social experiment and a nice try. The Parliament—in its creation and its design—was an invention, and inventions (witness the Vanguard) rarely work perfectly the first time around. It was designed to make suggestions to government—not replace it. It set itself

DR. DAEL WOLFLE, executive director of the AAAS, whose staff work will largely shape the next steps in social responsibility.

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an impossibly large task in an impossibly short time: three months of planning and three days of discussion to deal with problems of a world in which science has become the chief instrument of political and social power. Lack of vision and lack of the language to express it are not identical. The journey toward great expectations, in short, is always likely to be slowed by growing pains.

The Parliament's deficiencies would be damning only if the AAAS decided that everything necessary has now been said and that the problems of science and society aren't so much after all.

The Parliament deserves praise, in fact, for its recognition that "many of the important questions concerning science and society do not usefully permit categorical or permanent answers," and for its refusal to try to invent them. It would be possible to defend the meeting also on grounds of dedication and effort. The delegates not uncommonly drafted statements until midnight and arose at six to re-word them. And the meeting did find answers on two crucial points.

The first came during debate on a suggestion that science ought to seek, in total appropriations, a fixed slice of the national economy, a slice based inevitably on the presumption of superiority over other slice-seekers. A delegate commented: "I can't think of a worse argument for a nuclear reactor than the fact that it costs less than a battleship, and I am not impressed by the observation that we spend less now on physics teaching than we do on movies, or popcorn, or—and this really hurts—bourbon whiskey." The proposal was defeated; the Parliament refused to become one more special-interest group saying, simply, "gimme."

The second and by far the more important decision was made when the meeting was asked to approve a statement that arbitrary restrictions on the complete international freedom of basic research are "often wrong and often futile." A delegate rose to ask for deletion of "wrong" on grounds that it was a moral judgment—"the type of judgment that this parliament of science should not make." By a two-thirds vote, the moral judgment (and by implication, the right and the responsibility to make other moral judgments) was retained.

THE AAAS was asked by the first Parliament of Science to call future Parliaments of Science. There is reason to hope that the request will be honored. It might be wise if planning for the next one were started six months earlier, if the meetings were scheduled to last three or four days longer, if the agenda were shortened and the time for thinking lengthened, if there were freedom to experiment with smaller and more flexible seminars, and if the expectations of achievement were more reasonable.

It is certainly too soon to be sure of the ultimate significance of these three days in Washington. Yet it can be measured—and it measures well—against a remarkably pertinent and prophetic comment of another scientist interested in the social uses of his calling. He is Dr. J. Bronowski, a British mathematician, and this is what he had to say:

"There are no panaceas at all; and we had better face that. There is nothing that we can do overnight, in a week or a month, which can straighten by a laying on of hands the ancient distortion of our society. . . . We are heirs to a tradition which has left science and society out of step. The man in the street is right: we have never learnt to handle such things. Nothing will do but that we learn. But learning is not done in a year."

"A Lively, If Sometimes Frustrating, Gathering"

A CONVENIENT property of the five problems discussed by the recent AAAS-sponsored Parliament of Science is that they all admit of much the same answer. In each case something about science needs to be increased or improved or both—its support, its organization, its communication, its students, its teachers. But this is just to recognize the present need to help science help the nation. A balancing of other considerations comes into play in deciding upon the best means to achieve these ends. And so on 15, 16, and 17 March the parliament was held. And accordingly, it proved to be a lively, if sometimes frustrating, gathering.

The question of means most hotly debated was that of defining the proper place of the Federal Government in research and education. Some participants urged increased federal aid. Others argued that responsibilities in this area belong to the state and local government and to private agencies. But whatever position members took on this and similar matters, all were at pains to distinguish between questions of policy and questions of fact and between their roles as citizens and their roles as scientists.

To arrive at a set of recommendations, the parliament, which numbered something like 100 members, split up into five working subgroups, one for each of the problems tackled. The subgroups then reported back to the collected assembly with sets of proposals, which were discussed and put to vote. Although the parliament constituted a distinguished and representative body of scientists and thinkers, it did not claim to speak for any group other than itself. In fact, it spoke only for its own majority, for the rules of the meeting did not insist upon unanimous agreement. Among the final recommendations was one opposing the creation in the Government of a separate Department of Science and another endorsing the coordinating function of the National Science Foundation. The official report of the parliament is now in preparation and will appear in a subsequent issue of *Science*.

As a first effort at this kind of operation, the parliament experienced several difficulties. One difficulty arose from the large size of the working groups and the shortness of time. The result was that, in the interests of agreement, important details of how much, of where, and of when had to be left unspecified. Another difficulty arose from the parliament's attempt to address a very broad audience. The result was that considerable effort was devoted to saying a lot of things that most of its members would ordinarily have taken for granted. The fear was that if the parliament came out in favor of A, without mentioning B, in which it was also in favor, then some people, might interpret the omission of B as the rejection of B.

How effective was the parliament in helping science help the nation? Certainly, it gave the participants an opportunity to benefit from each other's knowledge and experience. And certainly, it served as a demonstration that the scientific community, and in particular the AAAS, is much concerned about the problems of fostering and utilizing science. But any full evaluation of the impact of the parliament will have to await future developments. We shall have to see whether any of its more specific recommendations find their way into public policy, and, if so, how they work out.

—*An editorial in* Science, *official journal of AAAS.*

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXV

—Notre Dame U.

SCULPTOR OF NATURE'S LAWS: HE REVEALS THEM IN SMOKE

Professor Frank Brown, Notre Dame Aeronautics Engineering Chief, Puts the Wind to Work at Teaching Baseball Physics

WITH the coming of every American spring, the fast curve starts from its cover in the pitcher's box and flies a deceptive path across the field. The eye of the umpire lights at the sight of it, his fist flings up with finger pointing the signal "Strike!" and the boos of the crowd rise like organ swells behind a solo shrilling through the nose: " Hot dawg! Hooz next for a hot dawg?"

The rite begins this year on April 14. The first curve breaks between the basepaths of Washington, D. C. Next day the baseball season will descend on Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. That the Dodgers actually are in Los Angeles instead of merely seeming to be from Hollywood is not the only innovation of 1958. For the first time in their history, the sixteen big league teams must compete with another circuit where the score counts more in deciding what happens to the world. Many anxious politicians will sit among the eggheads in the intellectual bleachers watching sandlot-agers in eight eastern schools (Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, the Brown and Nichols School in Cambridge, and Taunton High School in Massachusetts; the George School near Philadelphia, the Hill School in Pottstown, and Radnor High in Wayne, Pennsylvania; the Bronx High School of Science in New York City, and University High School in Urbana, Illinois) at skull practice in baseball physics.

The curves in this bookish game are things of beauty, wound from a wind tunnel hundreds of miles away by a man who hasn't pitched a ball to a batter since his own high school days at Jamestown in North Dakota. He is Professor Frank Newton Mithery Brown, head of the Department of Aeronautical Engineering at Notre Dame University, whose reputation for competence in aeronautical science is eclipsed by his sensitive artistry in first perceiving and then contriving to capture on photographic plates the symmetric marvels of nature's laws in motion.

These laws have been in operation since time began, and man long ago learned the major mechanics of their working. But ingenious minds can still discover details hidden within them and from those enlarge the possibilities of their practical manipulation. This is a truism not ordinarily taught in high school. In the hands of most teachers, physics is a *fait accompli*. As a first step toward inspiring pupils in high-school physics classes all over the country to explore the unknowns, a series of four experimental textbooks are being written under a grant from the National Science Foundation by a Physical Science Study Committee headquartered at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As the pages come off the mimeograph, they are tried in the eight experimental schools in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. And on the sixty-third page of the first volume, in Chapter Five, on the subject of Motion, is Professor Brown's picture of a curving baseball.

There are several important differences between Professor Brown and fast curve artists like Johnny Antonelli of the Giants, Herb Score of the Indians, or the White Sox's Billy Pierce. The first one is that they put smoke on the ball to keep a batter from seeing where and how the pitch breaks. The Professor pours on the smoke for the opposite reason—to reveal not only when but why the ball swerves.

A second distinction is that Professor Brown's smoke is visible. He generates it by burning wheat straw and blowing the resulting cloud through his wind tunnel. There the last difference between him and the big-league pitchers becomes apparent. Instead of throwing the ball through the air, he throws the air at the ball as it hangs freely suspended and spinning.

In the patterns formed by the smoke as it flows around the sphere a trained eye can clearly see the forces of nature at work. Catching these intricate designs in a photograph is sheer art. Professor Brown does it with a mirror inside the wind tunnel angled at forty-five degrees to throw two simultaneous images. In the picture on page sixty-three of the first volume of the experimental physics textbook (reproduced on *SR*'s cover this week and elucidated in the diagram on page 48) the vortices of turbulent air that drag the ball sidewise are plain even to a reader unsophisticated in science.

TO THE scientist, the photo of the curved ball is an unusual snapshot of "Magnus's effect." Who was Magnus? His initials were H. G. and he was a German chemist-physicist whose life span reached from 1802 to 1870. In his middle age Magnus was called upon to make a scientific investigation into the reasons why the German army couldn't fire mortar shells with any real certainty of hitting a target. The aim was right, according to the math tables for parabolas, but when the shells were lobbed up there was no telling where they would come down. Sometimes they hit the enemy. Sometimes they dropped on Germany's own troops.

What Magnus found was that the vagaries of mortar barrage were due to the spinning of the shells. The air around the projectiles would move swiftly around that half of the cylinder that faced in the direction the

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shell was turning. But the spin itself piled up resistance against the oncoming flow around the other half. A low-pressure area was thus created to pull the one hemisphere while a high pressure area formed to push on the other. The effect increased as the shell's speed dropped. The result was inevitable: a curving path for the falling shell.

THE baseball pitcher can afford deliberately to try to create the Magnus effect by putting sidewise spin on the ball because he is considerably more in command of his situation than were the German mortar crews whose inaccuracies led Magnus to his discovery. The speed of a pitch maintains control over a relatively longer fraction of the trajectory than is the case with a free falling shell. So, within given limits, the more turbulence he can create between himself and the batter, the more confusing his artistry is likely to be. He doesn't need to put as much energy into the spin as he must put into his forward throw, for the spin continues at fairly regular speed while the ball's advance begins a visually imperceptible slowdown the moment it leaves his hand. At a certain distance from the batter, the slowdown increases sharply. It is at this point that the curve begins to break. If the pitch is slow enough, a ball can swerve as much as eighteen inches.

The Magnus effect occurs with other objects than mortar shells and baseballs. It accounts for the golfer's slice and is indeed the reason why they put pimples on golf balls. It applies to missiles and rockets as long as they are traveling within Earth's atmosphere. But there is no air to set up resistance in space, and the man-made moons take on a different spin similar to Earth's wobble about its axis.

What the pitcher on the diamond strives to achieve with the Magnus effect, the aerodynamics engineer does his best to anticipate and forestall in sky travel vehicles. The aim of every flight designer is to hold turbulence to a minimum. It is in this direction that Professor Brown does most of his wind tunnel experiments. A brilliant example of his photographic art as applied to that end appears in the first volume of the experimental high school physics textbook, alongside his smoke-etching of a baseball in the act of curving. A fuller discussion of the physical laws of conservation of energy—which have lessons in them not only for baseball pitchers but for hitters as well—will be in volume three of the schoolbook which will probably reach the eight experimental classes just about the time that President Eisenhower throws out the first ball of the season in Washington.

For all his interest in the national game, Professor Brown is less likely to be sitting in the grandstand on the opening day of the baseball season than he is to be playing with the smoke in his wind tunnel on the ground floor of the temporary Aeronautical Engineering Building a block from the center of Notre Dame's campus. It isn't easy to generate smoke of just the right texture. It has to be got by burning straw (oat straw would be best, he thinks; but what the countryside roundabout provides is wheat) and the straw must first be turned into coke by being fired in absence of oxygen. The wind tunnel itself is small as wind tunnels go—only four feet square at its widest point—but it is an object not only of his but of his wife's affection. Friends know they can be found there together many nights and week-ends. With no children to tie them down there is no inhibition to shuttling between the campus and the hi-fi set at home. She (the former Mari Wilson Fichtel of Calumet, Michigan) often joins the experiments, and one summer worked full time as a data recorder.

As might be assumed from the demands of his art, the Professor is a quiet, unobtrusive, pipe-smoking man with enormous patience. His own appraisal of his physical dimensions is "average height and weight," which means 5 feet 10, 170 pounds. The poundage neither rises nor falls to any great extent with the passing years, but his hair has greyed and his eyes have taken on a look that says "no foolishness, please." Yet he finds time for students beyond his twelve-hour weekly teaching load and enjoys the contact enough to serve as faculty advisor to student members of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences. When he needs relief from the pressure he goes hunting or fishing alone. Colleagues at technical meetings report him always affable—no back-slapper but ready and willing to mix talk with a drink.

PROFESSOR BROWN has done engineering research for the Navy, the Air Force and the State Department. But the associations that really lift him out of the ordinary are his memberships in the Society of Photographic Engineers and the Photographic Society of America. Other camera specialists may match him in the technically precise process of recording scientific data; he ranks alone as a stage director in the theatre of nature's laws.

—ROBERT A. JONQUIL.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

RESIDENTS OF FAHRENHEIT

A Thermostatic Look at Life

WHAT of life on other worlds? The first difficulty we encounter is that no one has yet invented a simple but satisfactory definition of "life." Neither do we understand what conditions are necessary to bring it into being; thus, until astronomers are agreed upon the question how the solar system arose, any discussion of life outside this earth must remain somewhat academic. However, with these reservations in mind, we can embark on exploration.

What is certain is that any kind of life we know must depend on chemical action for its energy supply, and what is more, chemical action involving the development of rather complex molecules. What apparently places a limit on living things having a chemical structure is temperature. Consequently, life on the surface of a star, at a temperature of several thousands of degrees, would be impossible because only the simplest of molecules could exist under those conditions. Life in the vast interstellar void would be equally improbable. . . . Life is possible only on the surface of a planet which is irradiated by its parent sun.

The distance of the planet from its sun is clearly one of the chief factors. The "zone of habitation" about any star has been defined as that region where surface temperatures are roughly between the boiling and freezing points of water, and in our own system it is found that such conditions prevail from the orbit of Venus to the orbit of Mars. In this zone it is probable that any planet of suitable size and composition could support life of one kind or another. The earth, situated between these two planets, appears to be close to the ideal relationship, although living forms might well exist elsewhere under conditions quite unlike . . . our own. . . .

Mars is an example of a planet, colder than our own, in which short "living seasons" might occur suitable for some of our simpler terrestrial

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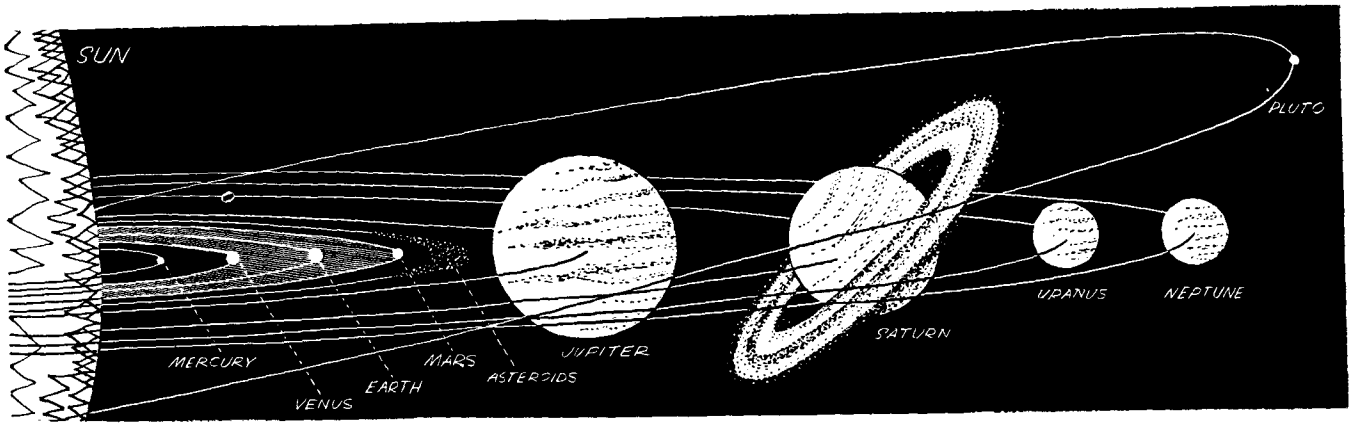

The zone of possible life in our planetary system lies in the shaded ellipse.

life forms, especially those which could lie dormant during the more rigorous periods. . . . If we could approach Mars in a spaceship, we should see that large parts of its surface have an ochre colouring; these are great arid deserts which have given that intriguing world the name of the "Red Planet." There are also brilliant white polar caps, superficially resembling those of the earth, which glisten in the sunlight. And here and there, on the light-coloured desert, are darker areas which appear prominently in the southern hemisphere. . . .

Temperatures on the planet are extreme, ranging from —95 degrees F. at night to almost 80 degrees F. at noon in the tropical belt. The coldest temperature ever recorded under natural conditions on the earth is —104.4 degrees F. (at the South Pole, in 1957) and the hottest temperature, 136 degrees F. (at Tripoli, in 1922). However, on Mars, there is no gradual warming or cooling down over periods of months, as occurs on our own planet; wide extremes of temperature occur . . . within . . . a few hours.

That life of some kind exists on Mars . . . can no longer be seriously doubted . . . recent observations have strengthened the view that . . . the dark areas . . . consist of vegetation which can survive in the oxygen-poor atmosphere. . . . If they were not composed of living matter capable of reproducing itself, they would long ago have been covered over by dust blown up from the ochre deserts.

This is more than a theory. Martian dust storms have actually been observed by astronomers. Moreover, the areas in question undergo definite colour changes—from light green to dark green in the Martian spring to yellow or gold in summer, and to brown in autumn. Yet this seasonal revival does not begin in the tropic zone but spreads from the polar regions, which as we have seen strongly suggests that it is linked with the gradual spread of moisture from the melting ice cap.

When sunlight is reflected from planets and analysed in the spectroscope, it reveals something of the elements which are present on its surface. Professor G. A. Tikhoff of Russia claims that the spectrum of the dark areas of Mars . . . shows evidence of chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of plants. These plants, he suggests, adapt themselves to the cold . . . by absorbing the warming red and yellow solar rays and reflect blue and green, which agrees very well with the colours we actually observe. . . . Independent investigations by Dr. Gerhard Kuiper in the United States contrast the spectrum of higher plants with the spectrum of lichens. . . . Dr. Kuiper points out that the spectrum of the Martian dark areas resembles that of lichens . . . but that it should not be taken to mean that the Martian spectrum is "characteristic" of lichens; merely that it is "not incompatible" with the existence of lichens. . . .

All this, of course, is highly speculative. It is quite possible that the Martian vegetation does not resemble lichens at all, but is of a type which is quite distinctive. . . .

VENUS lies on the opposite rim of the "zone of habitation" as defined by limits of temperature and although the planet comes closer to us than any other body in the solar system, with the exception of the moon, some asteroids and comets and, of course, meteors, it modestly hides beneath a veil of "white cloud" which perpetually prevents us from learning anything about the surface. . . .

Because Venus is only 67,000,000 miles from the sun as opposed to the earth's 93,000,000, it receives about twice the amount of light and heat. . . . Temperatures (are calculated) . . . as being (between) —26.4 F degrees and —43.6 F degrees . . . (at) . . . the top of the high cloud cover of Venus. The spectroscope tells us that the atmosphere is largely composed of carbon dioxide (which) . . . strongly suggests a "greenhouse" effect and a . . . surface temperature . . . according to some authorities . . . "around the boiling point of water." This implies a vigorous atmospheric circulation, cyclonic winds and violent electrical storms.

On this scanty evidence, it has been suggested that Venus may be in the throes of extensive vulcanism and that the "thick" atmosphere is the result of volcanic dust being suspended in a perpetually warm fog. Wind-blown surface dusts and carbon dioxide crystals are other suggestions. At the other extreme the American astronomers F. L. Whipple and D. H. Menzel suggested quite recently that the planet may be entirely covered by . . . *soda water*. . . .

It would be foolish . . . to . . . state categorically that life could not possibly exist under such "adverse conditions," for . . . recent research has shown that forms of life based on different biochemistries might flourish elsewhere in conditions which would spell death to the animal and vegetable worlds that surround us. One has only to remember the sulphur bacteria, and the bacillia Boracicola which can exist happily in a saturated solution of boric acid . . . If life, however lowly, can once gain a foothold, who can say what new forms evolution may ultimately bring?

Now that the microscope has brought such startling evidence of "alien" life-forms within the range of our own experience it might be prudent for biologists generally to discard the medieval attitude that the earth is the measure of the universe, as their compatriots in astronomy did many years ago.

—KENNETH W. GATLAND AND DEREK D. DEMPSTER,
in "The Inhabited Universe"
(David McKay, $3.95).

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Harvard.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Physicians have come to prescribe blood as a form of medicine, like capsules, pills, or injections. The transfusion is now so common that we forget it is a phenomenon only a generation old. Like any new medicine, blood has its hazards, the most dangerous being infectious hepatitis, a liver infection that is sometimes fatal. Fear of transmitting hepatitis is the greatest limitation to fulfilment of the late Dr. Edwin Cohn's historic work on a "blood economy." His method of splitting blood into fractions (identically as milk is separated) so that individual fractions might be saved for particular medical needs is now employed the world over. Patent controls which he placed with the Protein Foundation for the public benefit bring threads of this research together in Cambridge, Mass., which carries on the Cohn research tradition.*

DOUGLAS SURGENOR
Harvard Medical—Protein Foundation

SINCE World War II significant progress has been made in the continuing search to isolate, identify, and understand each of the innumerable fractions of the blood. Many but not all of these have emerged possessed with great promise of therapeutic application in the treatment of human disease. From laboratories all over the world, for example, new discoveries have been reported regarding the plasma proteins which cause blood to clot. Several of these would be welcome, indeed life saving, in the treatment of hereditary bleeding disorders such as hemophilia. Yet the bridge between the laboratory and the clinic is blocked by a formidable obstacle—the risk of transmitting human disease.

That the blood could be the agent for transmitting disease has long been recognized. The problem is especially vexing in that the diseases most likely to be involved are usually serious and more often than not difficult or impossible to recognize in the blood donor. The worst of these is serum hepatitis. The hepatitis virus may circulate in a donor's blood for months without symptoms (there are even a few chronic but asymptomatic carriers of the disease). Further, there is no presently accepted laboratory test for the presence of the virus. Worse still, the virus is preserved by the very conditions used to preserve blood and plasma. It survives even better than red cells in the blood bank, and is stable for years in dried plasma.

Statistically, the chances of transmitting a disease such as serum hepatitis are smallest when a simple unit of blood is administered. Unless counter means are taken, the chances increase sharply when the plasma is pooled, since a single contaminated unit of plasma can infect a whole pool.

What, then, has been done to minimize the danger of virus transmission by plasma and plasma derivatives? Fractionation of the blood has given us albumin (which is used in place of whole plasma in the treatment of shock) and gamma globulin (widely employed for the prophylaxis of certain infectious diseases not including serum hepatitis) completely free of the virus. Neither fraction has ever been implicated in the transmission of hepatitis. Ironically, the underlying reasons for this remarkable achievement are still unknown.

Other fractions of plasma have been known to carry the virus. These have been irradiated with ultra-violet light, treated with chemicals, and subjected to heat in attempts to kill the virus. But only one or two blood fractions can withstand such rugged treatment. The result is that every new blood factor isolated from plasma, however promising it may be for the alleviation of human suffering, must be assumed to harbor the hepatitis virus. For this reason even the most cautious beginnings at clinical evaluation are completely frustrated.

Two current experiments may help break the jam. One of these takes advantage of favorable statistics of single donations of blood. Plasma will be processed on an individual basis to obtain the desired new fraction. This is obviously costly in time and effort, and will be limited in its application to those few situations where the amount of the desired factor in a single pint of blood would be large enough to produce an observable result when tried clinically in an individual recipient.

The second experiment balances a small pooling risk against the use of a carefully selected group of donors, who are then kept under constant surveillance for a long period of time. In each case, the blood plasma is separated from the blood cells and the cells are then reinfused back into the donor's blood. The net result is a plasma donation. This process is termed plasmapheresis. In a given period of time one donor can give by plasmapheresis roughly ten times as much plasma as he can by the regular methods of blood collection. And the more frequent visits that the donors make to the blood center facilitate the surveillance.

Either of the above schemes should permit the preparation of sufficient experimental blood fractions with no more and possibly less risk of transmitting disease than with whole blood. In this way the investigations necessary to establish whether or not a new fraction is indeed useful can be carried out. Once this hurdle is overcome the larger problem of increasing the supply of safe material so as to permit wide distribution could be faced. Clearly, the task of discovering an effective viricidal treatment for a new fraction would be much more readily justified after, rather than before, its clinical effectiveness had been established.

Quite apart from the need to remove the deterrent to clinical research on new fractions from blood, there is a pressing need for large volumes of safe plasma derivatives for use by the armed services and civilian defense as plasma extenders in the treatment of shock. At present albumin is the only safe product which can be used. The military seeks something simpler to obtain. A promising lead stems from studies at the University of Chicago, which indicate that plasma may be rendered safe by the remarkably simple expedient of permitting liquid plasma to incubate at body temperature for six months. Here again, it is not clear why this waiting time inactivates the virus. It must be noted that plasma so treated, while still fully useful for the treatment of shock, has lost many of its other important properties, including some of the much desired clotting proteins. So there is plenty of room for adventuresome pioneering in the bloodstream.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1254

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

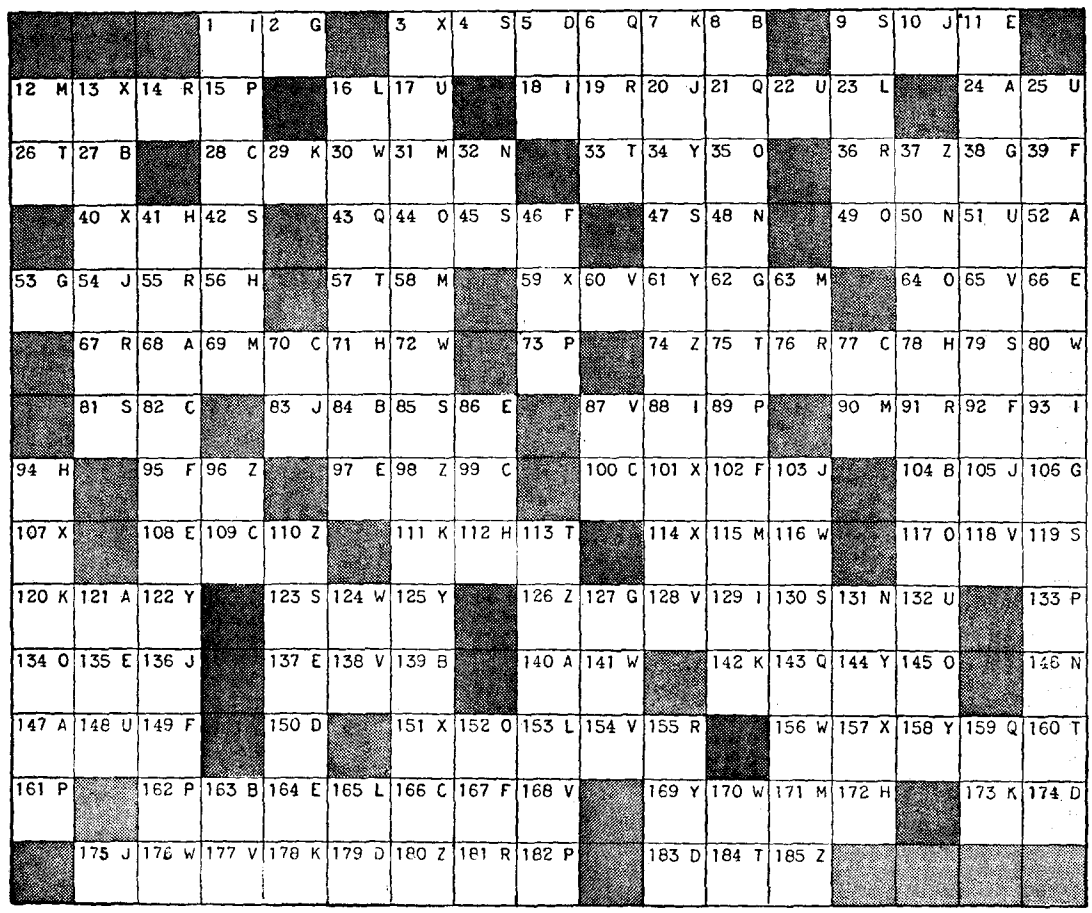
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Exclamation of rural U.S., combination of two driving instructions (comb.).	52 68 121 140 147 24
B. Former; sometime.	104 27 8 84 163 139
C. An air plant which is not parasitic.	82 70 166 77 107 100 28 99
D. Chief prayer of the Mohammedans, recited five times daily.	174 179 183 150 5
E. Said of a work completed in the last detail (3 wds.; not in Webster as a phrase).	97 86 135 137 66 11 164 108
F. To encircle.	46 39 92 95 102 149 167
G. Firmly implanted.	2 53 127 106 38 62
H. Giants killed by Apollo as they were trying to pile Pelion on Ossa.	112 71 78 41 94 56 172
I. Painful feeling as for impropriety or guilt.	18 129 88 1 93
J. Impious queen of Judah, daughter of Jezebel.	175 103 136 10 54 105 83 20
K. Preaching.	7 29 120 111 142 178 173
L. The lassie who has a laddie, a well-known contemporary actress.	16 23 165 153
M. The city that has no dodgers.	12 31 58 69 171 90 63 115

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Spacious; having "space to tear a cat in."	131 48 50 146 32
O. Lacking in proper reticence.	134 49 152 44 35 145 117 64
P. Become smaller and smaller to insignificance.	182 133 73 15 89 162 161
Q. A flat pressed cheese, originally from Holland.	43 21 6 159 143
R. Afflicted with either "grand mal" or "petit mal."	14 67 91 155 181 76 36 55 19
S. In this way and in that, explained in detail (3 wds.).	47 9 4 85 119 45 42 123 81 130 79
T. Win by conversation.	184 75 26 57 33 160 113
U. Northern part of Republic of Viet-Nam, capital Hanoi.	132 22 17 148 25 51
V. Outstanding feature of anything.	118 177 168 65 154 138 128 87 60
W. An alkaloid valued by hay fever sufferers and asthmatics.	72 156 124 141 116 30 170 176 80
X. Simple greenhouse for starting plants (2 wds.).	59 114 151 40 107 157 101 3 13
Y. What Cinderella was, fundamentally, by her sisters.	61 34 169 158 144 125 122
Z. Egyptian goddess associated with Isis.	96 110 185 98 180 37 126 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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